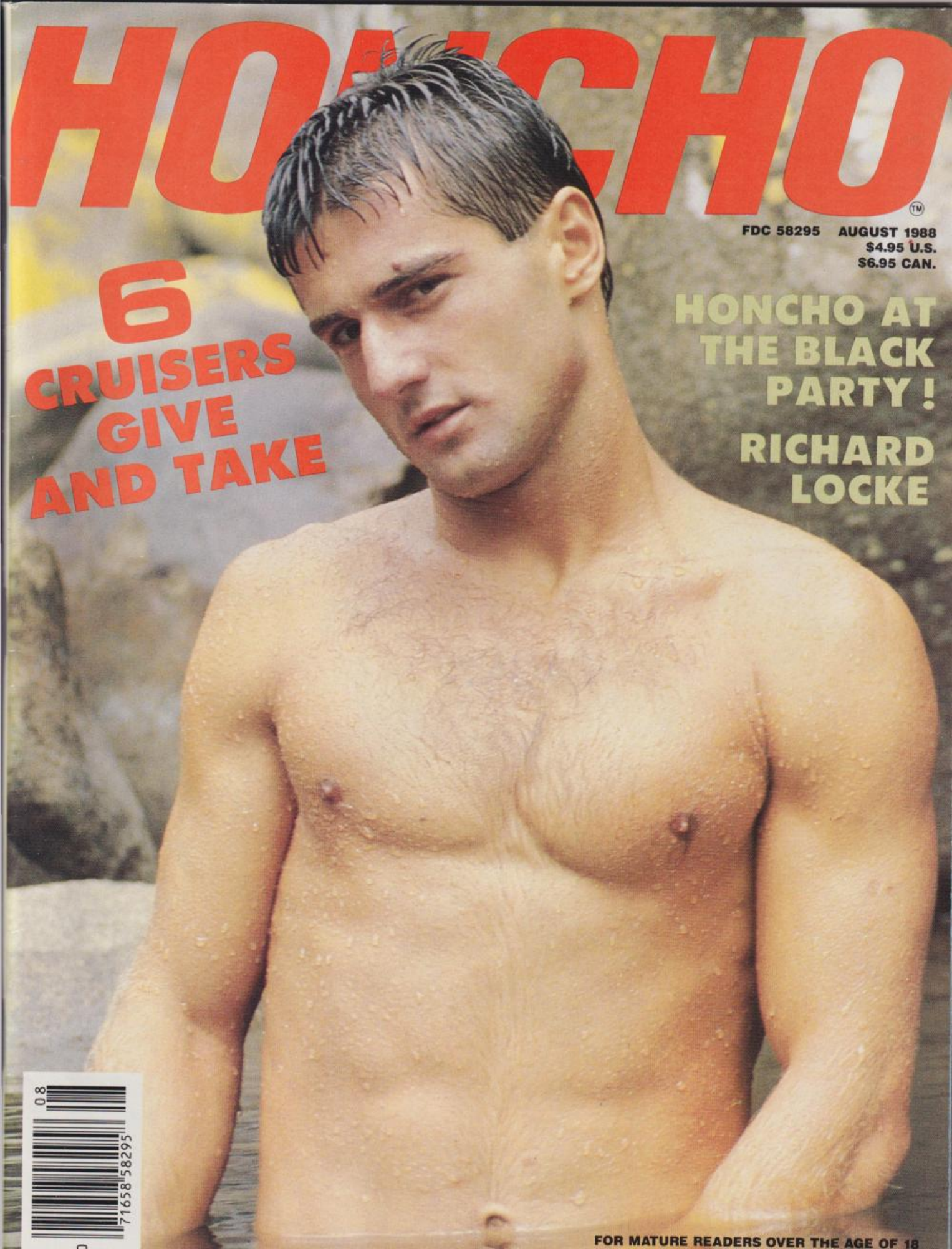
HONCHO™

FDC 58295 AUGUST 1988
$4.95 U.S.
$6.95 CAN.

6 CRUISERS GIVE AND TAKE

HONCHO AT THE BLACK PARTY!

RICHARD LOCKE



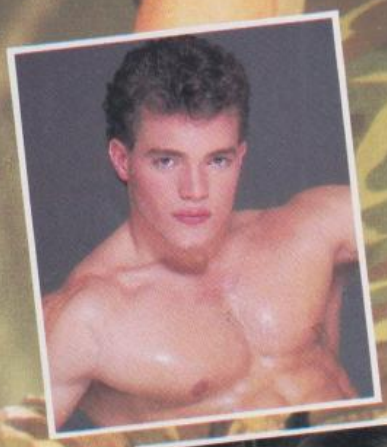
08
71658 58295

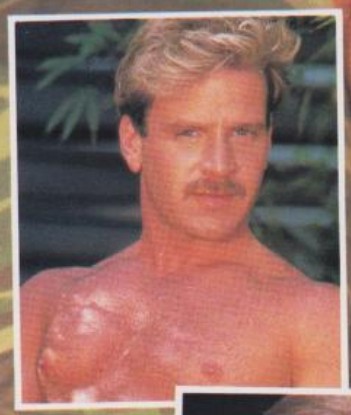
FOR MATURE READERS OVER THE AGE OF 18

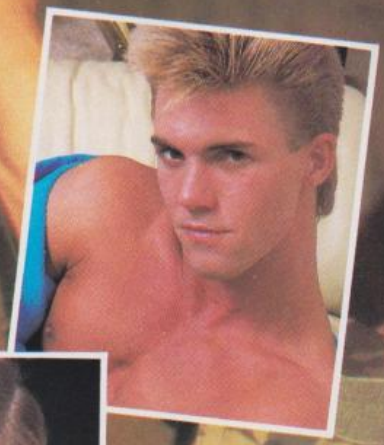
They're Hot, They're Hard ...They're Here!!

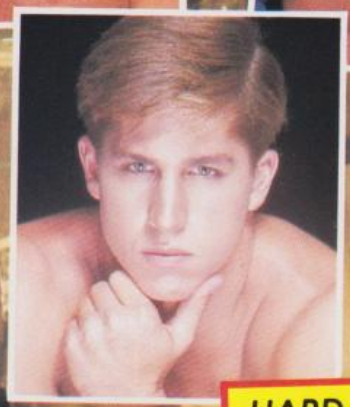
HARD MEN 2

no strings attached









HARD MEN 1
Still Available

catalina video
11925 Vose St. North Hollywood, CA. 91605

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE — ZIP

METHOD OF PAYMENT:
☐ MC ☐ VISA ☐ CHECK ☐ CASH
(AT BUYERS RISK)

CREDIT CARD NUMBER

EXPIRATION DATE

X

Signature: I warrant that I am over 21 years of age

QTY	TITLE	PRICE	
	HARD MEN 2	$39.95	
	HARD MEN 1	$19.95	

☐ Beta ☐ VHS

SUBTOTAL $ _____

Calif. res. add 6.5% sales tax $ _____

Shipping: Add $3.00 for 1st item and $1.00 for each add'l $ _____

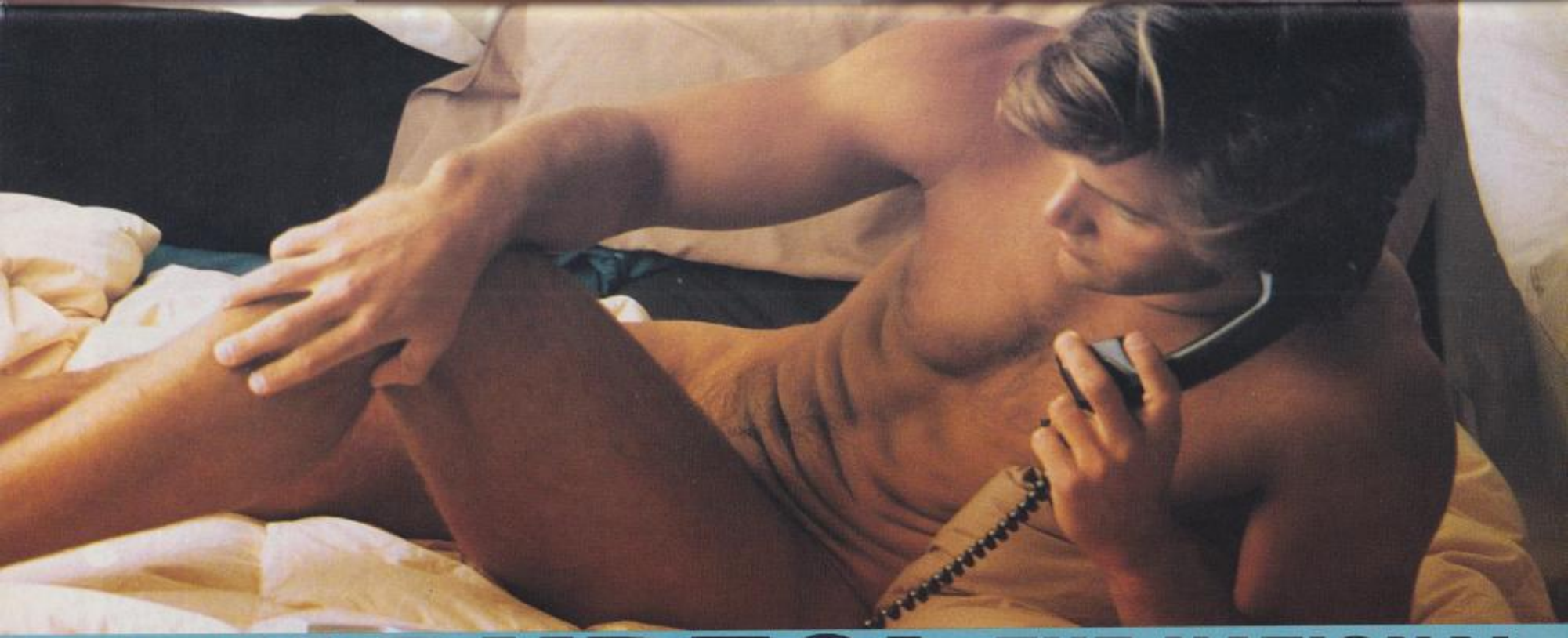
OR

Express Mail Service: $12.00 per tape $ _____

When available orders shipped next day or money back
Valid signature must be on file

TOTAL ORDER $ _____

FOR ORDERS ONLY NO EXPRESS MAIL Call 1-800-421-3269 In Calif. 1-800-421-3268
FOR INQUIRIES, EXPRESS AND DIRECT ORDERS Call 818-764-9105



HEY DUDES! THE NATIONAL GAY PARTY LINE

1-800-777-DUDE

• HOT 1 ON 1 TALK • JOIN THE PARTY LINE • MAKE FRIENDS

• PERSONAL MESSAGE CENTER •

• U.S., VIRGIN ISLANDS, PUERTO RICO • VISA/MASTERCARD

.95¢ PER MINUTE FROM YOUR TOUCHTONE PHONE. 18+ ONLY

DISCREETLY BILLED AS SYSTEM 800-INTERNATIONAL

GUYS NATIONWIDE
1-800-888-GUYS

Nationwide Conferences:
- Dudes coast-to-coast.
- Studs who play heavy.
- Straight and Bi-Guys.

One-on-One Buddy Talk.

National Message Exchange.

NATIONWIDE VISUAL TELEPHONE NETWORK
1-800-888 GUYS

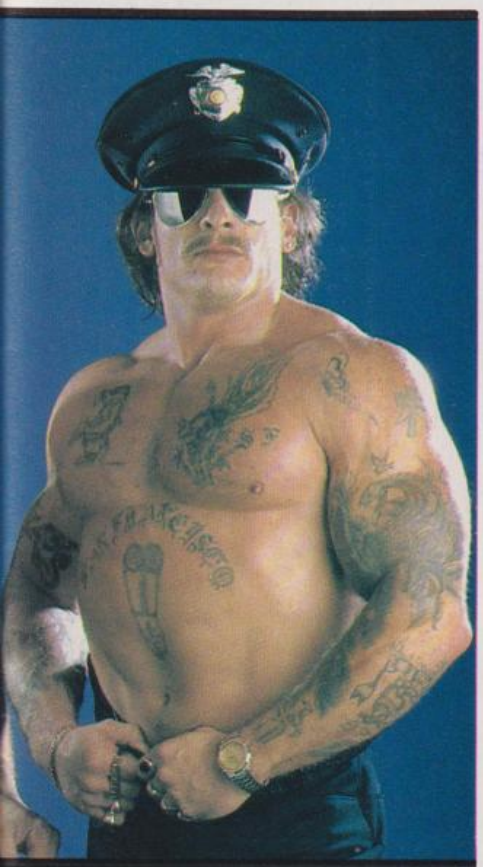
95¢ per minute for as long as you can go.

VISA MasterCard

Compatible with VisiTel™– Where you *see* the guy you're hearing.

Charges will appear on your credit card statement as "System 800 International #2"

HONCHO



HONCHO AUGUST 1988
VOLUME 11 NUMBER 8

CONTENTS

4 FICTION: THE MOVING MAN
10 FICTION: SKIN BURN
13 NUDES: OH YEAH!
20 FICTION: CHAUFFEUR DRIVEN
29 NUDES: BRUISER
37 FICTION: HARD TIMES
41 NUDES: DRENCHED
52 HONCHO GOES TO THE BLACK PARTY/DIRT BUSTERS.
55 FICTION: BACK PORCH SWING
61 NUDES: GIVE AND TAKE
69 FICTION: GENTLING OF COY HACKER
77 NUDES: DARE ME
89 NUDES: COMMITMENT

STAFF

PUBLISHER / D. CONIGLIO

EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT / JOE GRECO
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF / STEVE DAMBACH
EXECUTIVE ART DIRECTOR / D. CONIGLIO
ASSOCIATE EDITOR / ROBERT SMITH

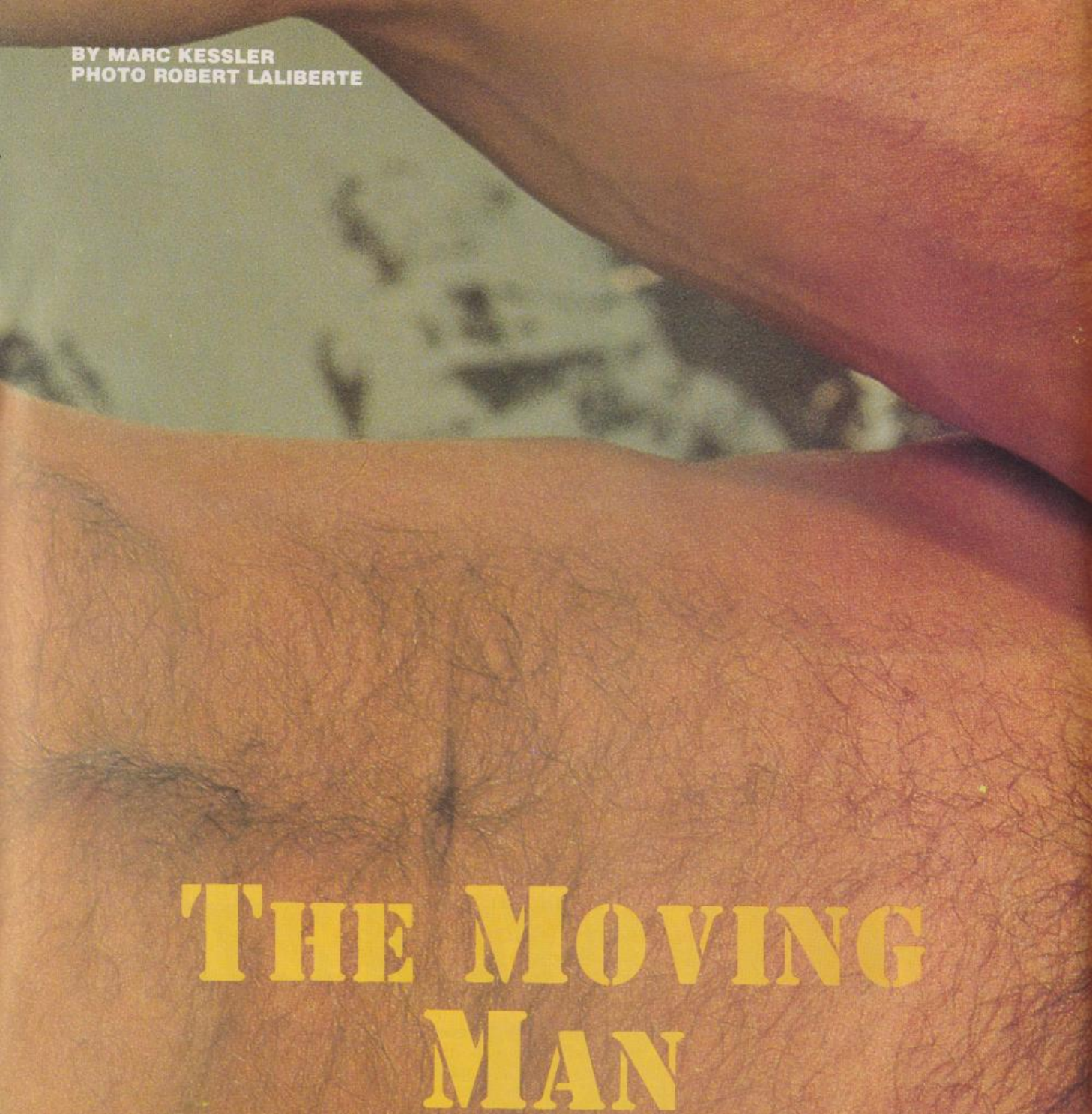
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR/ALLEN K. STONE
NEW YORK OFFICE: (212) 691-7700

COVER PHOTO BY KRISTEN BJORN

The fiction in HONCHO is presented for your entertainment. It is in no way meant to encourage unsafe forms of sexual behavior. We urge you to familiarize yourself with the guidelines for safe sex and practice them with your partner. If you have questions about safe sex, contact your local gay men's health group or your physician.

HONCHO MAGAZINE (ISSN 0733-5865). August 1988, Volume 11, Number 8. Copyright ©1988 by Modernismo Publications, Ltd. All rights reserved. Published monthly by Modernismo Publications, Ltd., 4th Floor, 462 Broadway, New York, New York 10013. Printed in the U.S.A. Distributed worldwide by the Flynt Distributing Company, 9171 Wilshire Blvd, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, Ca. 90210. Editorial offices: 11th Floor, 462 Broadway, 4th Floor, New York, New York 10013. (212) 691-7700. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited manuscripts. All rights in letters sent to HONCHO will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and are subject to HONCHO's right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between the people and places in the fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. All photos posed for by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos, nor words used to describe them, are meant to depict the actual conduct or personalities of the models. Nothing appearing in HONCHO Magazine may be reprinted either wholly or in part without written permission. Modernisimo Publications, Ltd. assumes no responsibility for the advertisements, nor any representations made therein, nor the quality or deliverability of the products themselves. Subscriptions: U.S., Possessions, APO and FPO—$39.95 for one year. Canada and Foreign—$44.95 for one year. Canadian and Foreign subscriptions should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds. Single Copies—$4.95 (add $1.05 for postage and handling). Send subscription correspondence to HONCHO Subscription Department, 462 Broadway, 4th Floor, New York, New York 10013. Notify subscription department of change of address at least 6 weeks in advance. Please include new address and mailing label from most recent issue. HONCHO is the registered trademark of Modernismo Publications, Ltd. (Note: Subscriber lists are never rented or sold.)

BY MARC KESSLER
PHOTO ROBERT LALIBERTE



THE MOVING MAN

I'd been lucky compared to some of my friends who'd looked for a place to live in Hollywood and found nothing but dirty apartments, high rents, snoopy landladies, and unfriendly neighbors. The apartment I had found and would soon be moving into was bright, clean, and affordable. My landlady, Caroline, was a Liza Minelli lookalike who had grown up in the company of four gay male friends, she told me, and she was perfectly amenable to my taking possession of the place.

"You guys always keep my apartments so neat, so clean, and so full of terrific furniture," she declared. "And since I'm pretty sure you'll be bringing fellas home all the time, I'm gonna give you a parking space for *two* cars."

Her grin was infectious. We both laughed and shook hands to seal the deal, and once the paperwork and deposits and keys had been exchanged, she gave me the key to my new apartment.

On my own, I was able to move most of my furniture, lamps, end tables, books, and so forth in neatly marked cardboard boxes that I'd begged and stolen from supermarkets and liquor stores. But there were six items that were too large for me to transport myself, so I checked out the classifieds for a decent mover. The problem was, there were too many to choose

from, and most of the ads were very similar. The one that finally caught my eye was unique in its conciseness: "Move you in—one bedroom, $100." That and a phone number was the extent of it. I called and left my name and number on the answering machine, then went over to the new place to unpack my boxes.

Late that night when I got back, the mover had left his reply on my answering machine. As instructed, I phoned him early the next day and made an appointment for Carlos to pick up the remainder of my things at seven A.M. the following morning.

Precisely at seven my doorbell rang, and I stumbled into the almost-empty living room to answer it. The dude I found on the other side of the door was so incredibly hot that the last of my drowsiness instantly disappeared. Carlos was wearing white Reeboks, white athletic socks, gray sweat pants, and a red undershirt with matching red bandanna rolled up and tied around his forehead. He was most definitely Spanish—one of my favorite types—and from all the furniture he moved every day, he was in spectacular shape. Most spectacular of all was his big, uncut dick, the outline of which I could see plainly through his clingy sweat pants. His skin was the color of light coffee, just the way I drink it. After a couple of shaky seconds, I managed to tear my gaze away from his cafe-con-leche face and step out of the way so he and his chubby helper, Jerry, could do their work. Forty-five minutes later everything was loaded into their rickety truck—Carlos' name and phone number and the word "Mover" hand-lettered on the sides—and they followed me to my new building. Less than an hour after that, the move was complete.

For obvious reasons, I was eager to keep Carlos around as long as possible, even though I was convinced he was straight as an arrow. All I could think of was to offer him and Jerry cold sodas and the use of my bathroom sink to clean up. Carlos washed up first, and then while Jerry was in the bathroom, I gave my main man his soda and opened one for myself. As he sipped, he looked around at my things, finally fixing on the VCR and the rack full of cassettes, which seemed to fascinate him. I seized the opportunity and invited him to come by sometime to see how the place turned out and, if he wanted, to view some of the tapes.

To my surprise and delight, his quick reply was, "How about later tonight?"

After turning fourteen shades of scarlet under his direct gaze, I managed to mumble, "Er, yeah, sure. Fine. I'll get some beer."

"Great. I just want to kick back and see some of your flicks."

Finished washing up, Jerry gulped down his soda and, after I paid them, he and Carlos left. I watched from my doorway as they walked down the hall. Carlos' back was as gorgeous as his front. His ass cheeks were full and firm, his bare shoulders broad and muscular, with just a hint of beaded sweat, and his long, thick, coal-black hair swung from side to side with his sexy macho stride. I sighed and turned back to the monumental task of making the place presentable for his return, hoping against hope that his visit was going to turn out to be a real date.

By six that night, everything was in place. All the furniture and plants were where I wanted them. The TV and VCR were compatible once again, and all the kitchen stuff had been washed and put away. Still, the place didn't look lived in—more like a furniture store display—but I didn't know what to do about that. The next order of business was to get myself in order; I headed for the shower.

Carlos arrived around eight. I let him in, and he made himself right at home, flopping down on the sofa, kicking off his shoes, and asking for a Corona.

"So what's up, man?" he asked, his Fernando Lamas eyes piercing mine as I handed him the beer.

"Well, everything's hooked up if you want to see some movies."

"Great. Whaddya got?"

"Hundreds of things, as you saw this morning. What do you like? Comedies? Musicals?" My mind reeled. Did I have any tapes a horny straight man would turn on to—assuming that he was horny, which

I very much hoped? Did I have a copy of *Deep Throat*? Did I even have *Barbarella*?

Carlos got up from the sofa and swaggered over to the video rack to have a look. "What's *Tyger Tales* about?" he asked momentarily.

I hadn't meant to leave out the gay porn, but there they were, at least a dozen all-male skin flicks on the same shelf with *Risky Business* and *Citizen Kane*. "Oh, it's, er...well, it's about these two guys..." I stammered.

"Oh, I get it. Some kind of faggot movie, huh? What the fuck are you trying to pull here?" With that, he spun on his heels and headed for the door. "You must be some kind of a cocksucker or something." He held onto the doorknob, turned just enough for me to see the outline of his dick—which I knew now I'd never get to play with—and said, "By the way, cocksucker, I'm one too." And all of a sudden he broke into a huge grin.

I was still reeling from his outburst, but somehow I managed to return his grin. Immediately he let go of the doorknob, moved toward me with his arms open, grabbed my head from behind, and pulled me into a deep kiss.

"Jesus, I thought you were straight," I mumbled when we broke for air.

"Well, you thought wrong. Now get out of those shorts and let's get down to business."

A few seconds later, I was naked and rolling around with Carlos on my chocolate-brown living room rug. His skin was amazingly smooth to the touch, his nipples as dark and prominent and sweet-tasting as Hershey's Kisses. One at a time, I took each of them into my mouth and teased them with my darting tongue. His soft, guttural moans let me know I'd found one of his "G-spots."

While I was working on his chest with my mouth, I maneuvered him onto his back and slipped off his sweat pants. We kissed some more, and our swollen cocks jabbed each other's stomachs, leaving small trails of pre-cum. Again and again I went for his tits, while slowly running my hands down his belly, below his navel, and into his crotch hair. I was amazed at its softness, more amazed by the enormity of his balls, and absolutely dying to chow down on his ever-lengthening manhood. We whipped around into 69-position and sucked, licked, and slurped on each other for a good fifteen minutes, finally returning to face-to-face position for another long, deep kiss.

I wanted to feel Carlos' body all over. I kneaded his thighs, his shoulders, his terrifically built-up pecs. I pumped his cock, squeezed his balls, sucked his tits. He did the same things to me, like instant-replay.

At one point, I grabbed his legs and slowly raised them up and held them over his head. He looked up at me in silent assent, and I knelt down, flung his legs over my shoulders, and shoved my face under his balls. Parting his hairless cheeks with my hands, I wormed my tongue into his asshole. He squirmed and shoved forward to take me deeper into his warm, tight chamber, which I loosened up and lubricated him with spit.

After a time, I stood up over him, my dick dripping with pre-cum, and he got onto his knees in front of me. I grabbed the back of his head and rammed my dick down his throat, and he closed his lips tightly around my seven-inch cut dick and started furiously sucking. I pumped, he sucked, I pumped, he sucked some more—until I felt like my shaved balls would erupt. Then I pulled out of his mouth, reached down and grabbed his waist, and flipped him over. Now his face was buried in the carpet, he was on his knees, and that beautiful tan, hairless ass was high up in the air, ready for another assault from my tongue.

From a nearby end table, I grabbed a bottle of baby oil I'd thoughtfully put there, oiled my fingers and palm, and as I ate out his ass, I jacked him off from behind. As I teased and pleased him, he writhed and moaned louder and louder.

"Turn over," I commanded.

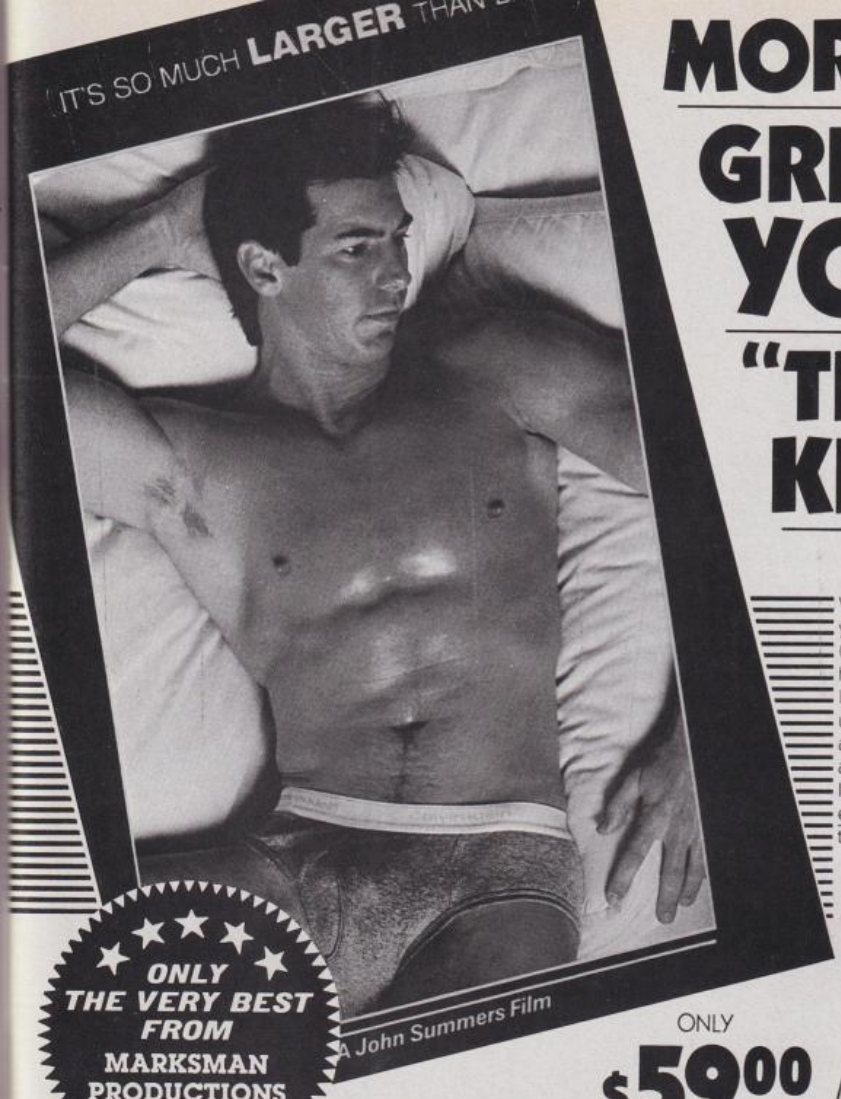
He obeyed, and I stood up once again and slathered my cock with

Continued to page 86

MORE OF THE BEST!

GREAT-LOOKING YOUNG MEN

"THESE GUYS ARE KNOCK-OUTS!"



ONLY THE VERY BEST FROM MARKSMAN PRODUCTIONS

...and they've got it all!

What secret technique does Larry use to get 3 of the university's most desirable young hunks into his apartment, naked and ready for anything? Clever Larry (that's him on the left), a "great guy" and a master of manipulation, knows exactly how to get his young buddies in a situation where they're going to "put out" and love it! Watch this facinating story of the ultimate seduction unfold as the unsuspecting young jocks are steered from "talk about girls" to confessing about men. A film as good as this, with its incredible line-up of superstars such as Jeff Converse, Eric Manchester, Leigh Erickson and Mark Miller, is a rare event. It will be a long time before you again see guys like this — guys who have everything — devouring each other with such total abandon. You don't want to miss this one!

GIANTS #VC 386

ONLY **$59.00** EACH

...and they're humpy!

They don't come any bigger! They don't come any blonder! And, they don't come any brawnier than the legendary men of the rugged Northwest. Men to match the mountains. Men with cocks as solid as the towering granite peaks of the mighty Cascades, and hawk-sharp eyes searching-out the next sexual feast. A shy young backpacker travels into this world of scenic grandeur and hot-bodied men, and along the backroads of the cool pine forests he encounters compelling sexual forces surging through the camp sites like hot summer winds. Sometimes participating, sometimes just watching, the young traveler eventually meets "Big Ed" and is treated to a history lesson which ain't in our schoolbook — the story of the first whiteman to venture into the territory and what happens when he is discovered skinny-dipping by a very humpy young Indian.

NORTHWEST PASSAGE **#VC 401**

SAVE $8.00

ORDER BOTH FOR ONLY $55.00 EACH

MARKSMAN PRODUCTIONS P.O. BOX 7836-N, VAN NUYS, CA 91409

☐ **Yes!** Please send ☐ GIANTS #VC 386 $59. ☐ NORTHWEST PASSAGE #VC 401 $59.
☐ BOTH VIDEO FILMS $55 EACH.
☐ VHS ☐ BETA Shipping $3 Each. California Residents Add 6% Sales Tax.

Amount Enclosed _____ ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Charge ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD. Exp. Date _____

Card Number _____

Signature _____
"I hereby state that I am over 21 years of age and desire to receive sexually oriented material for my own personal use."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please send brochures only. I have enclosed $5.

Skin Burn

BY FRANK BROOKS
PHOTO NAAKKVE

I stood in the doorway of Room 12, third floor of Memorial Hospital, a surgical prep kit clutched to my new white uniform. "I'm supposed to shave you," I said to the middle-aged man reclining on the bed.

The patient dropped his newspaper and scowled as he inspected me—just what you'd expect from a retired military officer. He could smell a raw recruit a mile off, and I was as raw as they came. I'd graduated from high school just a week before, and this was my first evening alone on the job, my first job ever. The patient said nothing, just grunted and went back to his newspaper. I shut the door behind me and tore open the prep kit, suddenly wishing that I'd never taken this job. Why couldn't my first prep patient have been a friendly, good-looking guy about forty years younger than this sour-faced old colonel?

"We'll have to take off your gown," I said, trying to sound cool and professional, but my voice was quavering with nervousness.

He tossed his newspaper aside, clasped his hands behind his head, closed his eyes, and lay there like a king as I undressed him. He lifted his fat ass grudgingly so I could spread a sheet under him to catch the hairs I'd be shaving off. I'd been instructed by the head nurse to shave him from navel to mid-thighs, front and back, every hair. I prayed I wouldn't cut him.

"Relax," I said, more for my own benefit than for his, and I went to work.

When he slipped his thumb up my asshole, I almost came. I got even hotter when he twisted his thumb this way and that and said, "Tell me you want it. Say you want it." I squirmed. My toes clutched. "I want it. Please do it!"

The disposable plastic razor made dry, scraping sounds on his skin. I was shaving him dry first, which would get off most of the hairs. Then later I would lubricate his skin with soapy water and close-shave the remaining stubble. Salt-and-pepper hairs slid off his paunch, and soon I'd finished his abdomen. Then the moment I started shaving his pubic hair, his cock—which I'd avoided looking at—throbbed up hard as gristle against his shaved belly. It was the biggest cock I'd ever seen—and it was getting hard! The foreskin had peeled away from the swollen head, and lube was oozing from the half-open piss hole. The man acted as if nothing had happened, lying there shut-eyed and relaxed while his cock danced before me like a cobra.

Gingerly, with the tips of my fingers, I lifted his cock away from his paunch so I could finish shaving his groin. My heart pounded harder and harder as I bent his cock this way and that, and the cheesy, musky smell rising from his moist glans got me light-headed.

Until now I'd never touched another guy's cock before. I hadn't even seen more than a few hard-ons in my life, in the locker room at school. I'd been shy, and the town I lived in was just barely on the map. I'd had sexual fantasies about guys for as long as I could remember, but I'd never dreamed they would ever become reality.

The man spread his legs, and I got a clear view of his balls. I couldn't believe the size of them. They were as big as hard-boiled eggs. As their scent wafted up to my nostrils, I sniffed like a dog. Sweat trickled from my armpits. Spit trickled from one corner of my mouth. My hands shook.

I made a great effort to calm myself, then stretched his ballsac and smoothed out the wrinkles to avoid nicking the skin as I shaved it. Although his eyes were closed, I sensed that he was watching me through the slits between his eyelids, and my nervousness and excitement increased.

Lube from his throbbing cock filled and overflowed his navel and trickled down his paunch. I lifted his cock again, this time firmly gripping it at the base as I held it away from his groin and shaved off a few missed hairs. I had to lean in so close that my nose almost touched his oozing piss hole. My head spun, and the razor slipped from my hand and hit the floor. Before I could retrieve it, the man grabbed my head and pushed my face against his cock.

"Come on," he whispered. "Come on, pretty."

He dug the fingernails of one hand into my scalp, and with his other hand he rubbed his cock on my face. I was too stunned to move. My lips were clamped shut.

"You want it," he whispered. "Don't tell me you don't. Like the smell?" He peeled his foreskin down completely and seared my cheeks with his sizzling knob. His lube leaked up my nostrils and between my lips. "Come on, cocksucker."

I was helpless to resist. He rubbed his dick back and forth along my lips, then shoved it between them. He thrust, and the knob rammed the back of my throat, nearly dislocating my jaws.

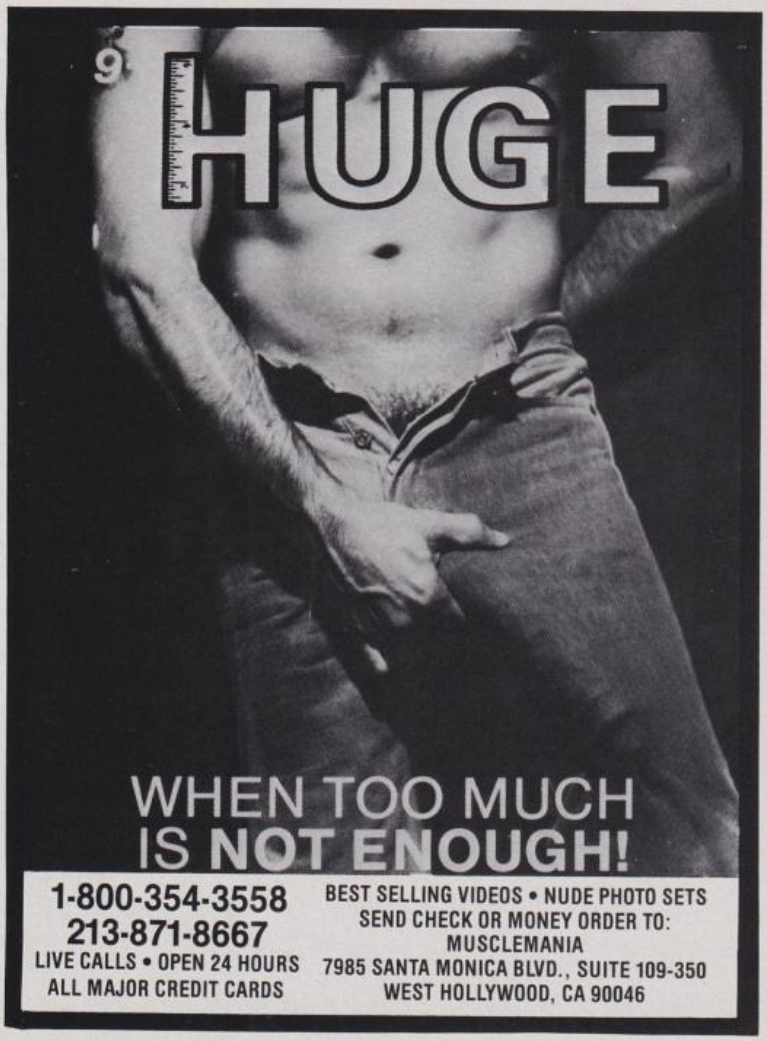
"Suck it," he hissed, jerking my head up and down, reaming out my throat. "Take it all."

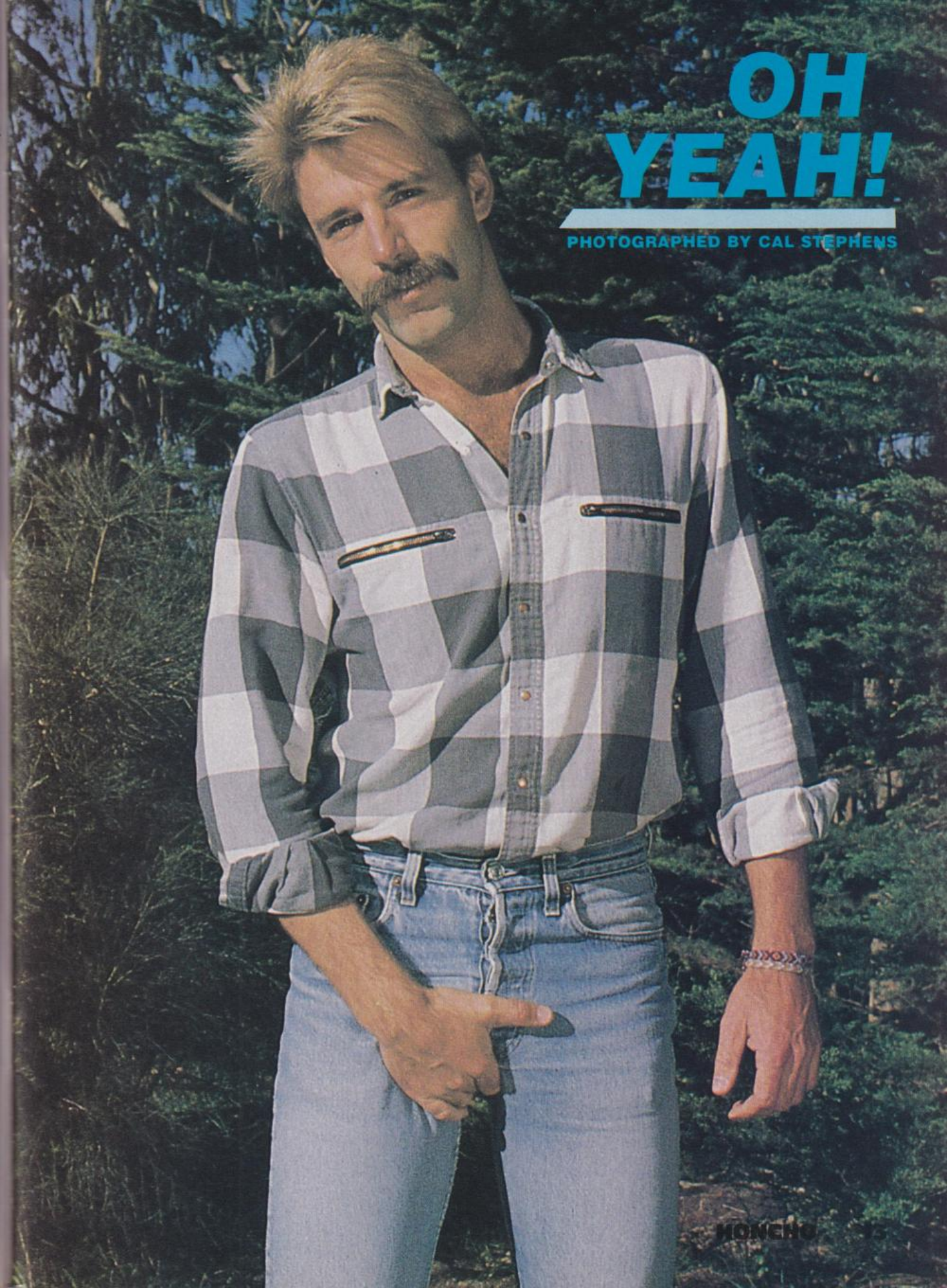
Despite my gagging, I swallowed every inch of his cock. His stubbly groin sandpapered my nose, my spit ran down his balls, and I almost passed out before he let up enough so I could catch my breath. But before he could ram his cock in again, I started sucking. As I blew him, I yanked open my pants and pumped myself.

"Yeah," he said, "suck it, baby, suck it!"

I'd never been so excited. My tongue slurped around and around his knob, and I beat myself furiously. He started humping and groaning, then suddenly forced his cock down my throat to the hilt. Cum shot down my gullet, and in seconds it was overflowing my mouth.

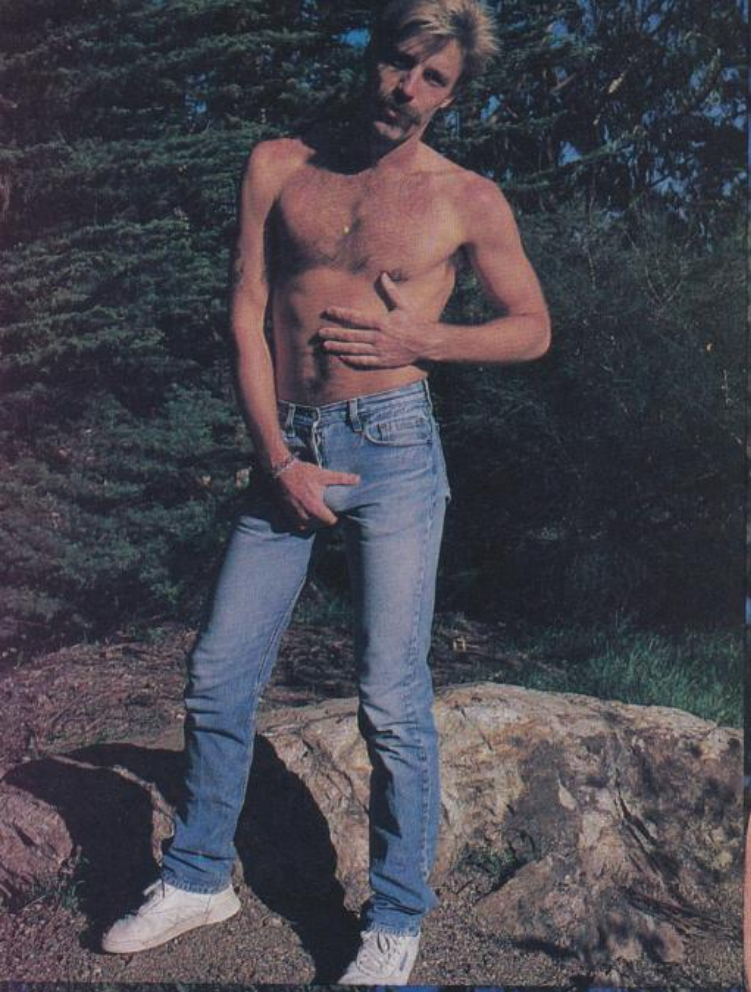
CONTINUED TO PAGE 85

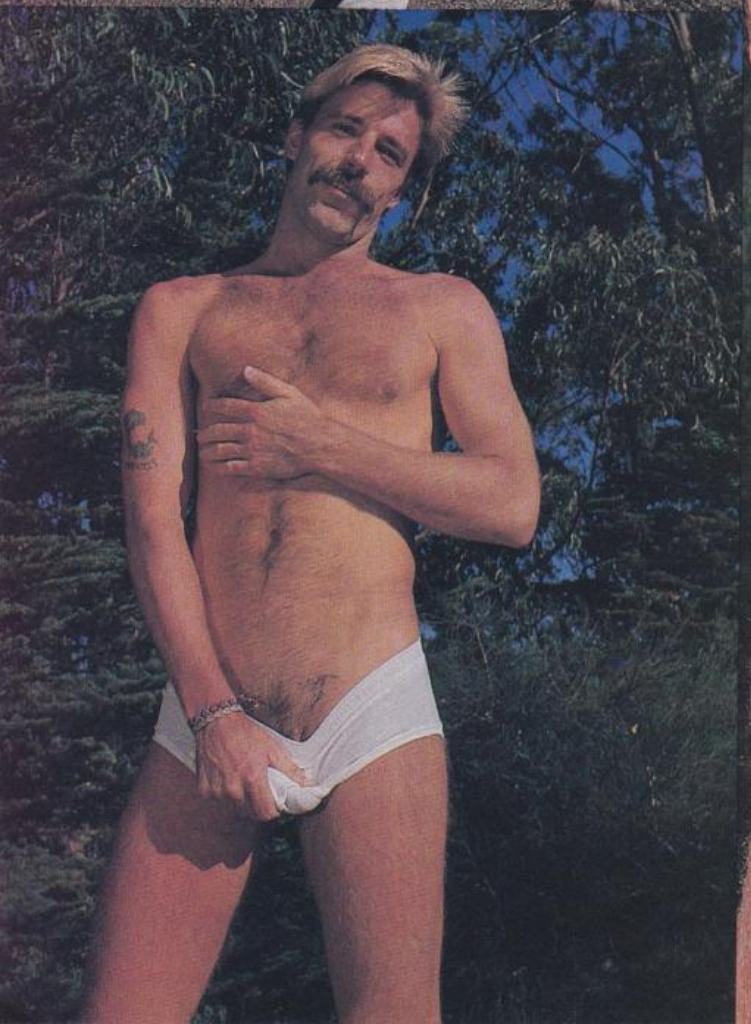




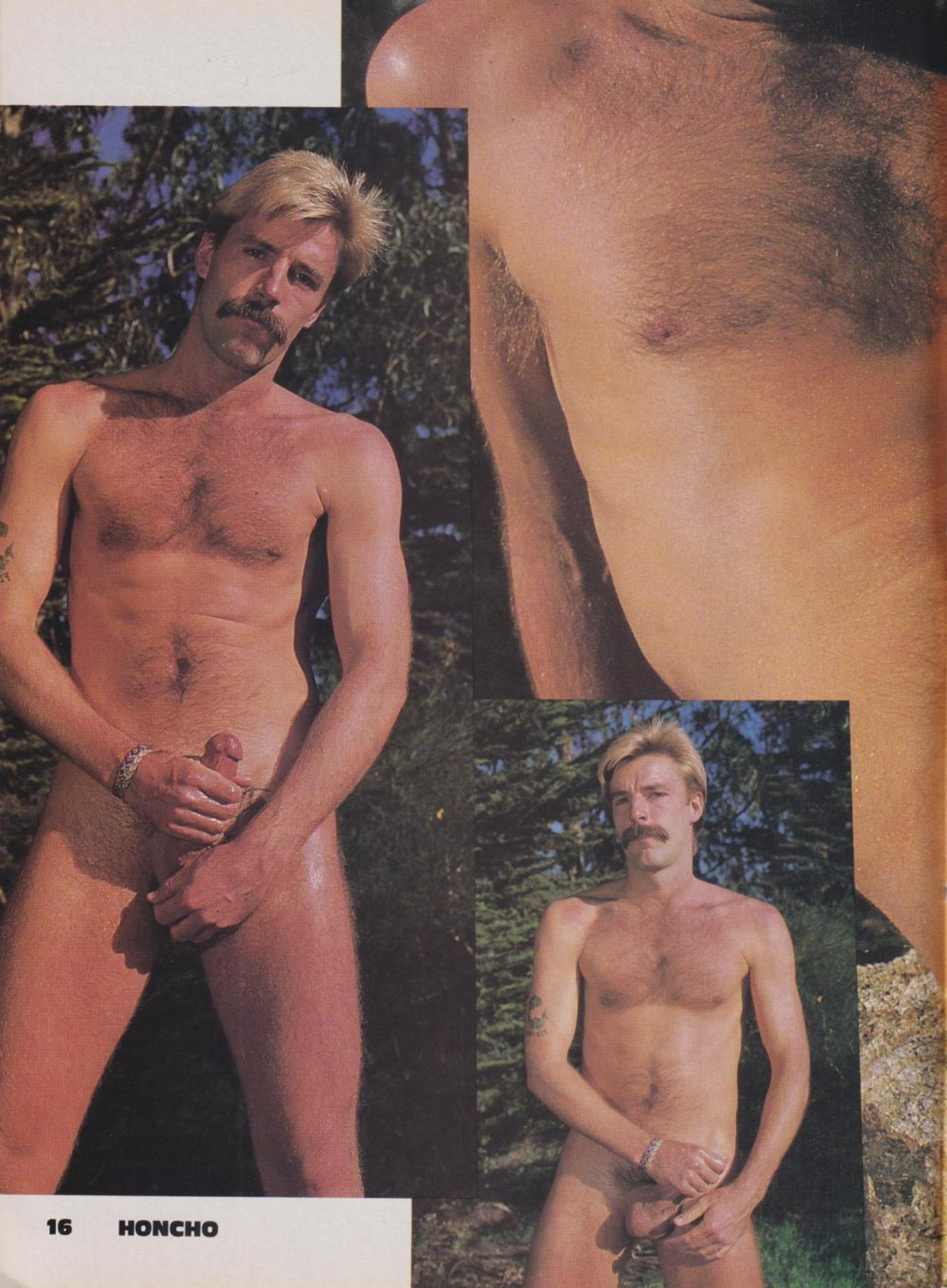
OH YEAH!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAL STEPHENS





OH YEAH!
Get him by the balls.



You and the heat are getting to him.

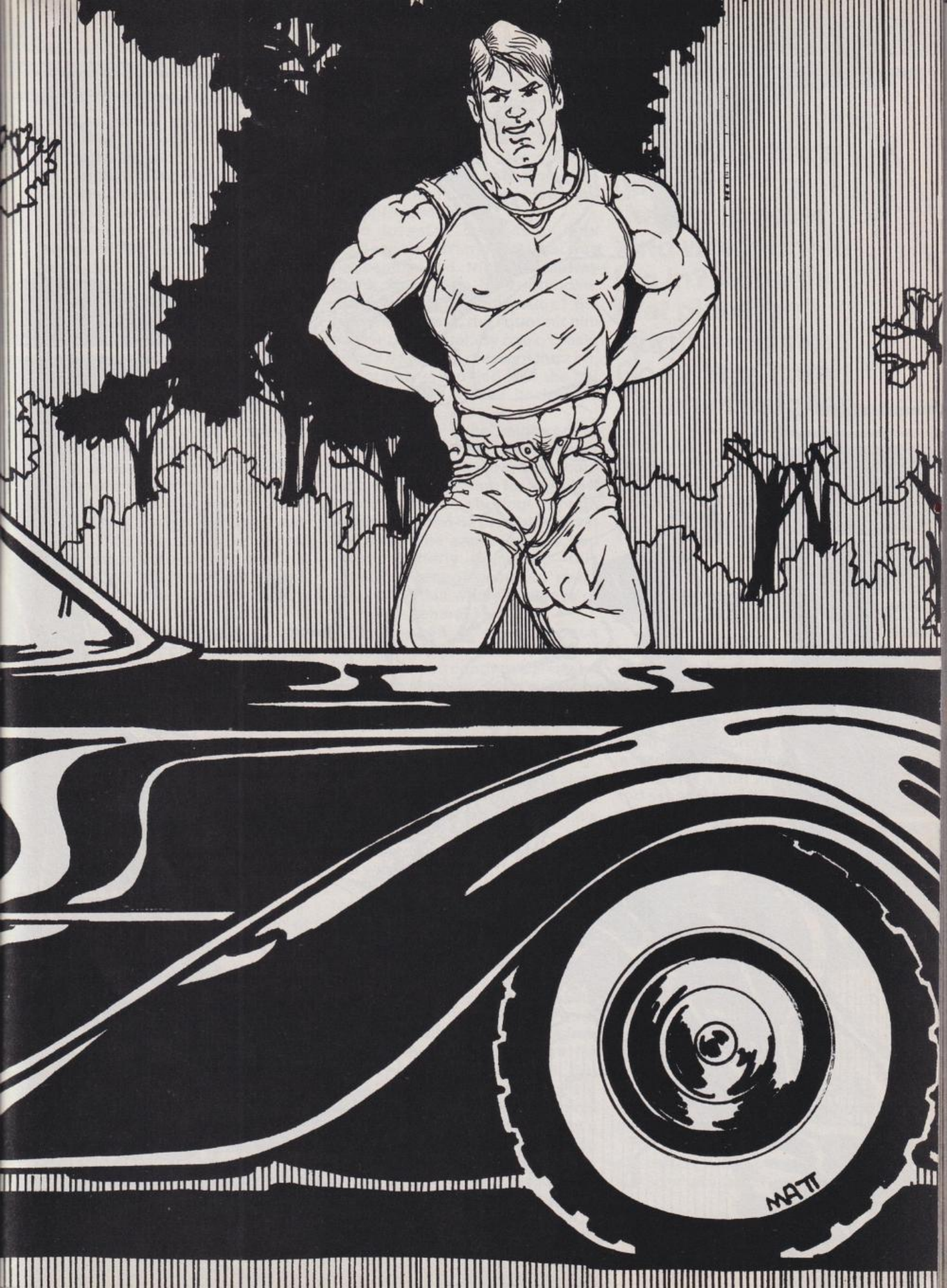
chauffeur DRIVEN

BY ROLAND GRAEME
ART MATT

"That's it! I've had enough!" Murray exclaimed out loud, as he stood up and snapped off the television set. "It's Friday night, and I'm sitting here at home alone. I've just eaten a whole pint of ice cream all by myself, and I'm watching old movies on TV—lousy old movies, at that. I'm thirty-six years old, I'm not exactly repulsive-looking—if I do say so myself—and I haven't had sex with anybody, or anything except my right hand, for the past eight weeks. I am going to go out before I go out of my mind!"

He dumped the empty ice cream carton into the trash can, then headed for the bathroom, tearing off his old, worn-out bathrobe on the way. In the shower, he made the water steaming hot, to cleanse his pores, then icy cold, to rouse himself from his late-night stupor. Shivering, he dried himself off and went to his bedroom to get dressed.

After a moment's hesitation, he took out what in the past he had


MATT

MATT

always thought of as his "cruising clothes"—tight faded jeans without underwear, running shoes without socks, and a thin sweat shirt with the sleeves carefully torn off at the shoulders. He pulled on the outfit, shoved his keys into one pocket, some money into the other—a wallet would spoil the line of the skin-tight pants—and strapped on his wrist watch. He hesitated again, then opened a bureau drawer and took out two foil-wrapped condoms and slipped them into his back pocket. Finally, he gave himself a once-over in the bathroom mirror He was a little shocked by the sexual hunger that showed so blatantly in his eyes, but he was satisfied that he looked hot enough to have a fair chance at satisfying that hunger.

As he walked the few blocks to his favorite neighborhood gay bar, he noticed that it was actually Saturday morning—just past midnight. The streets were almost deserted, and Murray was glad that he lived in a fairly small city where it was actually safe to walk the streets alone at night, at least in his neighborhood with its higher-than-average percentage of gay residents. The bar was across the street from a small, nicely maintained park, and "in the old days" gay guys had hung out there at all hours of the day and night, cruising each other and even getting it on in the shrubbery if they were especially daring. The bar, too, had always been crowded. Lately, of course, all of that had changed; nobody in Murray's set seemed to go out anymore, even to socialize. He couldn't remember exactly when he had last visited the bar, but he did remember that the couple of hours he spent there had been boring and depressing.

Nor did he expect to get laid tonight. He'd just have a couple of drinks, see if anybody he knew was there, maybe strike up a conversation with an appealing stranger, then go home alone and masturbate before falling asleep. Not much of a night out, but it had to beat sitting at home alone.

He noticed right away that the bar was beginning to look run-down, and yet he was soon to find that the drink prices had gone up. That didn't discourage the habitual drunks who seemed to have grown in number, their behavior ranging from sullen to boisterous. Beyond that, there were a few obvious couples and even fewer singles, most of whom looked nervous and unapproachable.

To forestall depression and because the bartender at least was handsome and friendly, Murray drank more than he'd intended. And since he'd gotten out of the habit of boozing, the liquor hit him harder than usual. By one o'clock, he had a not-very-pleasant buzz on; thoroughly disgusted with the bar scene and with himself, he decided to call it quits.

"Ridiculous," he muttered to himself outside the bar. Instinct warned him that in his present condition, he'd be asking for trouble if he took his usual shortcut through the park, and so he stumbled down the street the same way he had come. "Utterly ridiculous—this whole business of 'going out' every weekend—this whole business of gay life in general."

He laughed at the pompous sound of his own voice and grinned like a fool as he continued weaving along the sidewalk. He'd no doubt be hung-over and depressed in the morning, but right now, for some reason, he was feeling both light-headed and light-hearted.

A car slowed as it approached him, then stopped, and the nervous-looking driver stuck his head out the window and whispered hoarsely, "Hey, buddy, you want a blow-job?"

"Fuck off!" Murray roared at the top of his lungs. "Can't you tell I'm a vice cop?" The terrified driver sped off, and Murray burst out laughing all over again. "These guys'll never learn." He was beginning to get off on talking to himself.

Another car slowed down as it caught up with him from behind, and Murray prepared himself for another smart-ass exchange. But when he turned he was surprised to see that it was no ordinary vehicle cruising along beside him. It was a long, gleaming-black stretch limo with opaque side windows in the back. The motor was almost silent

"I saw you leaving the bar. Is that a gay bar?" "Is there any other kind worth drinking in? Actually, *that* place isn't worth it anymore. God, I was bored." Joachim laughed softly. "I'll try to make the rest of the evening more interesting for you."

in the still night air, and the limo seemed to float above the street. Murray stopped and so did the limo. Then he heard a soft hum as the street-side front window went down. The uniformed driver was an incredibly handsome strawberry blond with a stiff little moustache and sensual lips. He smiled at Murray, keeping one gloved hand on the steering wheel as he stopped the huge car without bothering to pull it over to the curb.

"Hello there," he said with a slight foreign accent. "Do you need a ride?"

"I don't know. How much do you charge?" Murray asked flippantly.

"I'll give you a ride for free."

Murray peered into the rear compartment of the limo. "Is there anybody in there?"

"No. My employer gave me the night off."

"And he let you use the car, too? He must be one hell of a generous guy."

"The job pays well...and there are certain fringe benefits."

"So what are you up to?" Murray

MATT

demanded. "Just cruising around trying to pick up guys?"

The driver wasn't at all offended. "Trying to play Good Samaritan," he said with good humor. "You look as though you could use a ride, that's all. Where are you headed?"

"Home. Alone. It's not far from here."

The chauffeur pressed a button on the dashboard, and Murray heard the lock snap open on the rear passenger door. "Get in and I'll take you there," said the handsome blond. "No strings attached."

"I'd rather ride up front."

"That's because you haven't seen the back," the driver teased.

Intrigued, Murray opened the rear door and got in. It was more like a living room than the back seat of a car. The leather seat was the size of a couch, with a large carpeted area at Murray's feet and a television set, a bar, and a car phone staring him in the face. The smoked-glass partition silently disappeared so that Murray could see the back of the chauffeur's head. He took off his cap, ruffled his long blond hair with gloved fingers, then put the car in gear and slowly drove off down the quiet street.

"Where to, sir?" he asked, smiling at Murray in the wide rearview mirror.

This is a trip, Murray thought. *I must be dreaming.* "I'm a little drunk," he confessed. "Uh...listen, if you're really off duty, do you want to stop somewhere for some coffee? I'll treat."

"Sure."

"What's your name, anyway?"

"Joachim," said the driver. Then, anticipating the next question, he added, "I'm Swiss."

"I'm Murray."

"I saw you leaving the bar. Is it a gay bar?"

"Is there any other kind worth drinking in? Actually, *that* place isn't worth it anymore. God, I was bored," he said, almost mournfully.

Joachim laughed softly. "I'll try to make the rest of the evening more interesting for you."

He drove them to an all-night Howard Johnson's, where their arrival created a mild stir. The limo was extremely conspicuous in the parking lot, and, as Murray saw when he got out of the car, Joachim was in full uniform of polished knee boots, jodhpurs, and chauffeur's jacket, the latter buttoned up to his throat.

"This is wild," Murray giggled at the counter, gulping black coffee to try to sober up. "I love your drag, by the way."

"I like your outfit too. It certainly shows off your physique."

"For all those guys in the bar cared, I could have been wearing a potato sack."

After that, they didn't talk much, but Joachim's appealing smile never faded, and Murray felt increasingly mellowed out. He paid the check, then Joachim opened the restaurant and limo doors for him—it was kind of fun having everyone in the restaurant gaping—and they drove off into the night. Joachim didn't ask Murray where he lived, and Murray didn't ask where they were going. He turned on the color television and saw that the same awful movie was still on.

"Where are we?" he asked, when Joachim stopped the car again. It seemed very quiet outside.

"Just someplace private," the chauffeur said simply. He got out of the car, opened the rear door, and joined Murray in the passenger compartment. After closing the door, immediately he unbuttoned his jacket and shrugged it off, then slipped his suspenders off his shoulders and removed his shirt. He was bare-chested now, but still wearing his jodhpurs and boots.

"Don't you want to get undressed?" he asked.

"Sure."

Murray kicked off his running shoes and wriggled his bare toes in the thick carpet. He wasn't as drunk as before, but his movements were still sluggish and he had trouble getting his sweat shirt over his head. Joachim helped him pull it off, quite matter-of-factly, and when Murray was stripped to the waist, the chauffeur took him in his arms and kissed him full on the mouth, very tenderly. Joachim's lips were soft and warm, and when Murray pushed his tongue between them, he was amazed at how sweet the man tasted.

"I want to sit on it," Joachim declared. "Great buddy, I'll do the driving for a change." Murray spread his legs and Joachim impaled himself on the rubber-sheated dick.

Meantime, the chauffeur was caressing Murray's naked torso, working his way down from shoulders to chest, then on to belly and rib cage and waist. He opened the waistband of Murray's jeans, reached inside the fly, and pulled out his cock. It was stiff and hot and dripping jizm. Joachim made their kiss more urgent as he stroked with his fingers, smearing the jizm all over Murray's cockhead.

"Yours too," Murray gasped, reaching down blindly to struggle with Joachim's belt buckle and zipper. "Take your dick out, man. Let me see it and feel it. Let me play with it, Joachim!" The name felt strange on his lips, strange and wonderful, like what was happening.

Joachim opened his pants and guided Murray's hand to his prick. The Swiss was hung big, and his meaty organ easily filled Murray's fist. Without breaking the kiss, Joachim reached forward, switched off the TV, and turned on the radio, which filled the rear compartment with soft music from un-

MATT

demanded. "Just cruising around trying to pick up guys?"

The driver wasn't at all offended. "Trying to play Good Samaritan," he said with good humor. "You look as though you could use a ride, that's all. Where are you headed?"

"Home. Alone. It's not far from here."

The chauffeur pressed a button on the dashboard, and Murray heard the lock snap open on the rear passenger door. "Get in and I'll take you there," said the handsome blond. "No strings attached."

"I'd rather ride up front."

"That's because you haven't seen the back," the driver teased.

Intrigued, Murray opened the rear door and got in. It was more like a living room than the back seat of a car. The leather seat was the size of a couch, with a large carpeted area at Murray's feet and a television set, a bar, and a car phone staring him in the face. The smoked-glass partition silently disappeared so that Murray could see the back of the chauffeur's head. He took off his cap, ruffled his long blond hair with gloved fingers, then put the car in gear and slowly drove off down the quiet street.

"Where to, sir?" he asked, smiling at Murray in the wide rearview mirror.

This is a trip, Murray thought. *I must be dreaming.* "I'm a little drunk," he confessed. "Uh...listen, if you're really off duty, do you want to stop somewhere for some coffee? I'll treat."

"Sure."

"What's your name, anyway?"

"Joachim," said the driver. Then, anticipating the next question, he added, "I'm Swiss."

"I'm Murray."

"I saw you leaving the bar. Is it a gay bar?"

"Is there any other kind worth drinking in? Actually, *that* place isn't worth it anymore. God, I was bored," he said, almost mournfully.

Joachim laughed softly. "I'll try to make the rest of the evening more interesting for you."

He drove them to an all-night Howard Johnson's, where their arrival created a mild stir. The limo was extremely conspicuous in the parking lot, and, as Murray saw when he got out of the car, Joachim was in full uniform of polished knee boots, jodhpurs, and chauffeur's jacket, the latter buttoned up to his throat.

"This is wild," Murray giggled at the counter, gulping black coffee to try to sober up. "I love your drag, by the way."

"I like your outfit too. It certainly shows off your physique."

"For all those guys in the bar cared, I could have been wearing a potato sack."

After that, they didn't talk much, but Joachim's appealing smile never faded, and Murray felt increasingly mellowed out. He paid the check, then Joachim opened the restaurant and limo doors for him—it was kind of fun having everyone in the restaurant gaping—and they drove off into the night. Joachim didn't ask Murray where he lived, and Murray didn't ask where they were going. He turned on the color television and saw that the same awful movie was still on.

"Where are we?" he asked, when Joachim stopped the car again. It seemed very quiet outside.

"Just someplace private," the chauffeur said simply. He got out of the car, opened the rear door, and joined Murray in the passenger compartment. After closing the door, immediately he unbuttoned his jacket and shrugged it off, then slipped his suspenders off his shoulders and removed his shirt. He was bare-chested now, but still wearing his jodhpurs and boots.

"Don't you want to get undressed?" he asked.

"Sure."

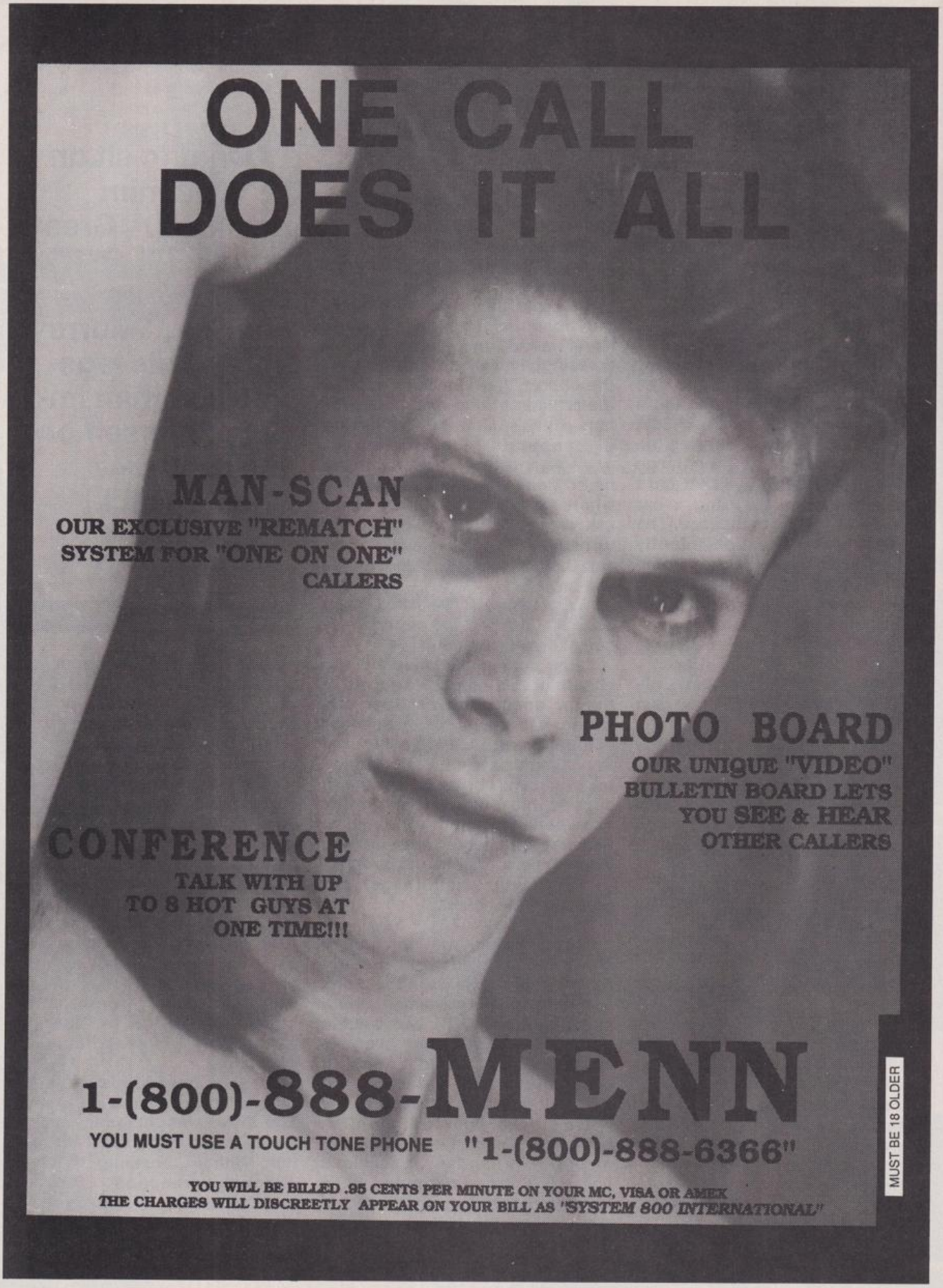
Murray kicked off his running shoes and wriggled his bare toes in the thick carpet. He wasn't as drunk as before, but his movements were still sluggish and he had trouble getting his sweat shirt over his head. Joachim helped him pull it off, quite matter-of-factly, and when Murray was stripped to the waist, the chauffeur took him in his arms and kissed him full on the mouth, very tenderly. Joachim's lips were soft and warm, and when Murray pushed his tongue between them, he was amazed at how sweet the man tasted.

"I want to sit on it," Joachim declared. "Great buddy, I'll do the driving for a change." Murray spread his legs and Joachim impaled himself on the rubber-sheated dick.

Meantime, the chauffeur was caressing Murray's naked torso, working his way down from shoulders to chest, then on to belly and rib cage and waist. He opened the waistband of Murray's jeans, reached inside the fly, and pulled out his cock. It was stiff and hot and dripping jizm. Joachim made their kiss more urgent as he stroked with his fingers, smearing the jizm all over Murray's cockhead.

"Yours too," Murray gasped, reaching down blindly to struggle with Joachim's belt buckle and zipper. "Take your dick out, man. Let me see it and feel it. Let me play with it, Joachim!" The name felt strange on his lips, strange and wonderful, like what was happening.

Joachim opened his pants and guided Murray's hand to his prick. The Swiss was hung big, and his meaty organ easily filled Murray's fist. Without breaking the kiss, Joachim reached forward, switched off the TV, and turned on the radio, which filled the rear compartment with soft music from un-


ONE CALL
DOES IT ALL
MAN-SCAN
OUR EXCLUSIVE "REMATCH"
SYSTEM FOR "ONE ON ONE"
CALLERS
PHOTO BOARD
OUR UNIQUE "VIDEO"
BULLETIN BOARD LETS
YOU SEE & HEAR
OTHER CALLERS
CONFERENCE
TALK WITH UP
TO 8 HOT GUYS AT
ONE TIME!!!
1-(800)-888-MENN
YOU MUST USE A TOUCH TONE PHONE "1-(800)-888-6366"
YOU WILL BE BILLED .95 CENTS PER MINUTE ON YOUR MC, VISA OR AMEX
THE CHARGES WILL DISCREETLY APPEAR ON YOUR BILL AS "SYSTEM 800 INTERNATIONAL"
MUST BE 18 OLDER

seen speakers. Then he dimmed the ceiling light until their writhing, half-naked bodies were suffused with a soft, romantic glow.

"Oh, this is nice, this is so nice," Murray moaned happily as Joachim began to suck on his tits. Murray buried the fingers of his free hand in the chauffeur's silky, disheveled blond hair and pulled Joachim's face more tightly against his chest. "You are so fucking nice!"

The word "fucking" seemed to excite Joachim. He breathed heavily and more rapidly as he gave Murray's stiff left nipple a final lick with his wet, agile tongue. "*Ficken Sie mir, bitte*," the blond gasped against Murray's chest. "*Oh, Gott, ficken Sie mir*!"

"What does that mean?"

Joachim was already pulling a condom from his own back pocket and thrusting it into Murray's palm. "It means fuck me!" he panted feverishly. "You want to, don't you? You want to fuck my ass for me, don't you, Murray?"

"Hell, yes! Spread those butch buns of yours for me, baby!"

Joachim stood up—the rear of the limo was spacious enough that he could do so without hitting his head on the padded ceiling—and pushed down his bulky jodhpurs and loose-fitting boxer shorts. His buttocks were two perfect, muscular globes of solid white flesh coated with reddish-blond hairs.

Murray tore open the foil packet, pulled out the lubricated condom, and unrolled it over his cock. He actually welcomed the slight decrease in sensitivity: his cock was ready to explode, and the rubber would help him slow down.

"I want to sit on it," Joachim declared with his characteristic frankness.

"Great, buddy. *I'll* do the driving for a change!"

Murray spread his legs and Joachim impaled himself on the rubber-sheathed dick, holding his buttocks apart with both hands to keep his asshole open and relaxed. He took every inch of Murray's good-sized prick without complaint, and when his ass cheeks were resting firmly against the tops of Murray's thighs, he leaned back against Murray's chest and began beating off with one hand, at the same time groaning and flexing his sphincter to give Murray the fuck of his life!

"Christ, have you got a hot, tight ass!"

Murray didn't have to move at all; Joachim did all of the work, raising and lowering himself in Murray's lap with lewd abandon. His asshole stroking Murray's cock through the thin condom felt like a gloved hand jerking Murray off, and the latter knew he was going to come quickly after all. He wrapped his arms around the blond's muscular torso and rubbed and tickled the furry balls with the fingers of his left hand. He used his right hand to toy with Joachim's big, hard nipples. The chauffeur groaned with pleasure and squirmed in Murray's lap, his asshole vibrating wildly around the full length of Murray's fuck tool.

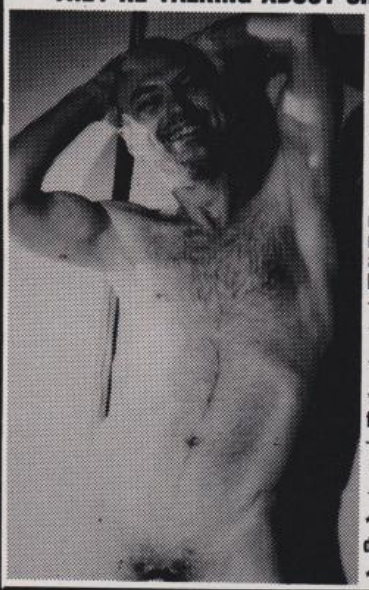
"Oh, it's good, Murray, it's good," Joachim whispered. "Is it good for you too?"

"It's *damn* good, man! You know it is! God, you are one hell of a horny fuck!"

CHRISTOPHER RAGE

"BEST DIRECTOR!" -- X-Rated Critics Organization, 1988

THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT CHRISTOPHER RAGE AND HIS TAPES...



* "Slime-covered jewels from the depraved mind of a genius."--John W Rowberry, STUDFLIX
* "Fucking nasty!"--DRUMMER
* "You may have to go lie down after this" --PENTHOUSE FORUM
* "Good God, Rage is sleazy!"--John F. Karr
* "It's fortunate for all of us there are XXX-rated movie makers like Christopher Rage, who produces not only an exceptional product, but whose artistry and broad sense of human sexual emotions enable him to capture a wide range of sexual propensities." --John Blanda, HOT SHOTS
* "There are no boundaries in his work!"--IN TOUCH
* "Tapes of haunting power."--DRUMMER
* "Christopher Rage is not for the squeamish or the faint of heart. What dreams this man has!" --ADVOCATE MEN
* "We've never seen anything quite like him." --Ted Underwood, MANSCAPE
* "Rage is known for his shock values--whatever he does stays with you."--MANDATE
* "Rage is a sexual renaissance man."--STALLION

"Slime-covered jewels from the depraved mind of a genius!"--John W. Rowberry, STUDFLIX

PREVIEW TAPE ONE--Scenes from TOILETS, TRAMPS, OUTRAGE, ORGY, and more! 60 sleazy minutes.....$39
PREVIEW TAPE TWO--5 sleazy videos--MANHOLES, F*CKED UP, RAUNCH TWO, MY MASTERS, and more! 60 raunchy minutes.....$49
BUY PREVIEW ONE & TWO AND SAVE! Both tapes (two hours of raunchy sex).....$69

Mail to: LIVE VIDEO, INC.
P.O. Box 1791, Dept. H, New York, NY 10116

COMING NEXT!
CHRISTOPHER RAGE's
WHILE I WAS SHOOTING STARS

VHS	BETA	TITLE	PRICE
		More information $3 (Free with order)	
		Handling & shipping	$4.00
		NY residents add sales tax	
		Checks take 15 business days to clear. TOTAL	

MC/VISA # _____ Exp. Date_____
Name_____
Address_____
City, State_____ Zip_____
Signature_____
(I am old enough to vote)

MORE INFORMATION, PICTURES, & A $10 DISCOUNT COUPON

Note: For complete information about all the sleazy exciting videos (including some that are never advertised) send $3 and fill out the coupon to the left. This brochure pack may NOT be charged to your credit card. $10 discount coupon enclosed with information.

'THE ART OF EROTICISM'

"Yes, very horny. I only get one night a week off. The rest of the time, I have to stay at the house, in case my boss wants to be driven somewhere in the middle of the night."

Joachim waited until Murray had come, his sperm filling the reservoir tip of the condom. Then, with a flick of his wrist, the Swiss sent his own jizm arcing through the air and onto the carpet.

"Oh, Jesus," Murray gasped. "You made a mess!"

Joachim shrugged. "I have to take the car in for a carpet shampoo in the morning anyway. We may as well make the most of it. Besides, my boss wouldn't care. He's done the same thing himself plenty of times."

"Is he gay?"

Joachim laughed. "Of course. And he's rich enough to have any man he wants."

"Does that include you?"

"Oh, your cock feels so good inside my ass," Joachim sighed, evading the question. "That's all I want to think about right now."

After Murray withdrew and got rid of the condom, they kissed and cuddled in the back seat for a long time, gradually getting each other hard again. Feeling quite sober now, and more than ready for round two, Murray attacked Joachim's body with his hands and mouth, finally giving him a hand job while sucking on his unusually sensitive tits. Joachim mewed like a kitten as he came, then used a palmful of his sperm to lubricate his hand and paid Murray back in kind.

Before driving Murray home, Joachim pulled up his jodhpurs but didn't bother to put on his jacket or cap, so he was behind the wheel in his shirt sleeves and suspenders.

"I know where you live now," Joachim said simply, after Murray had climbed out of the limo and kissed him good night through the open window on the driver's side. "I'll see you again soon, maybe sooner than you think, if I can get an extra night off."

Carrying his shoes, Murray staggered into his house barefoot, shed his few clothes, and collapsed onto his bed. He fell asleep almost at once.

Joachim drove to one of the city's most exclusive residential neighborhoods and parked the limo in front of a huge Gothic Revival house. He let himself in the front door with his key and sauntered up the long staircase to the master bedroom.

The light was on, the bed turned down, and Joachim was mildly surprised when a handsome middle-aged man slipped into the room, stifling a guilty yawn.

"You didn't have to wait up for me, Philip," Joachim told his valet.

"Oh, I didn't mind, sir. I thought you might have company when you came back," the servant said blandly, "and that you and your guest might need something."

Joachim laughed as he shed his shirt and sat down on the edge of the bed. "All I need right now is a good night's sleep. Don't wake me in the morning. I'll have my breakfast whenever I decide to get up. You might help me get these damned boots off. I don't understand how Thomas can bear to wear them all the time. They're extremely uncomfortable."

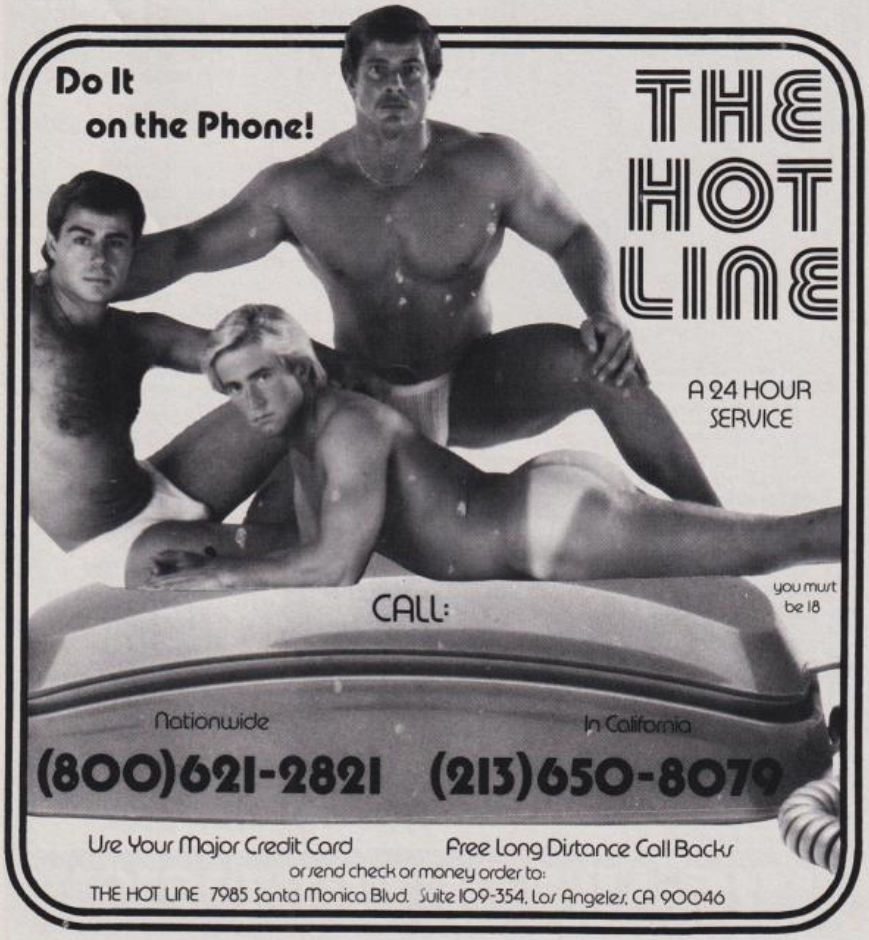
Philip knelt beside the bed and pulled off his master's borrowed boots, then collected the chauffeur's jacket, cap, and jodhpurs.

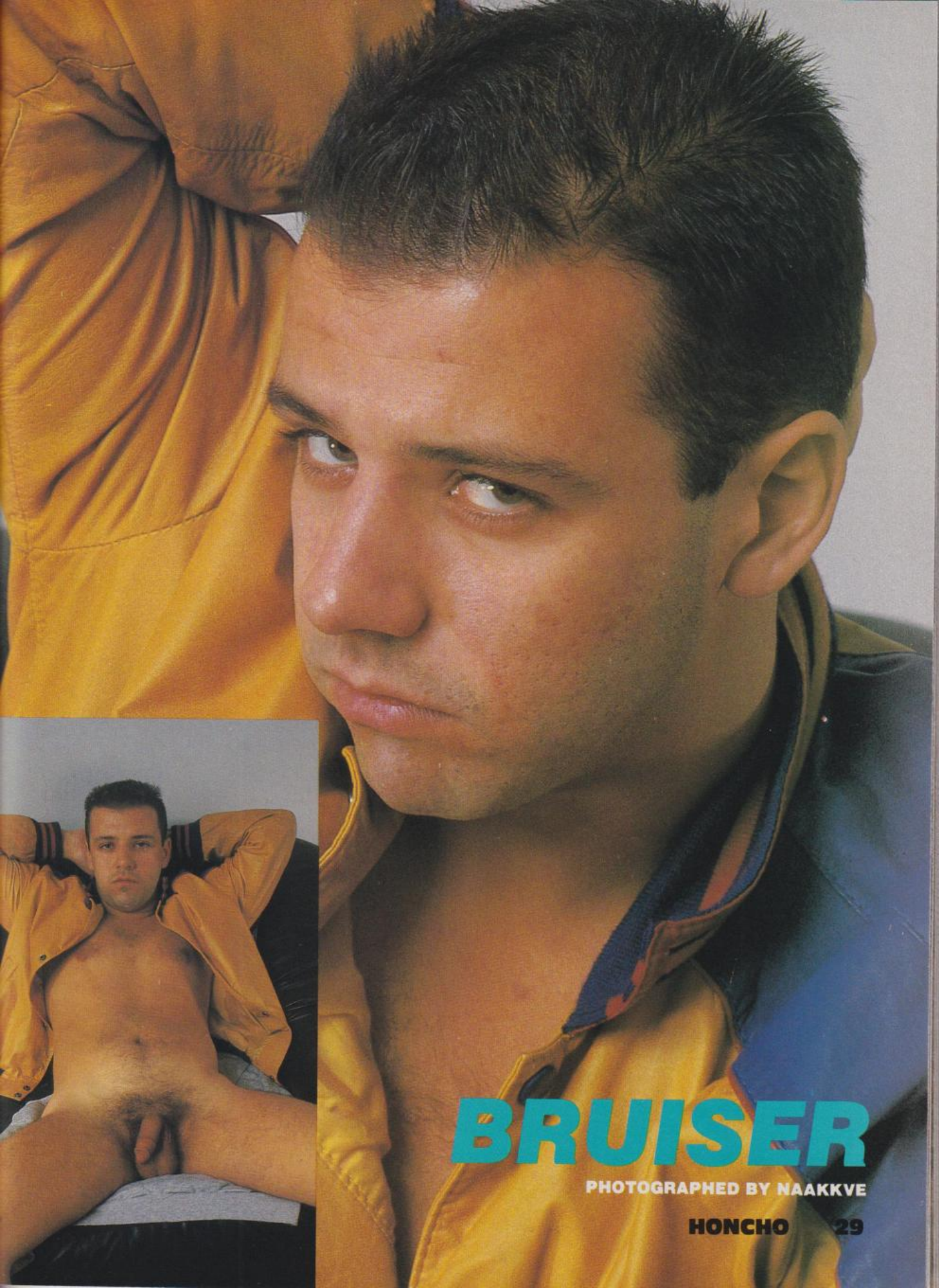
"Tell Thomas thanks for letting me borrow his uniform," Joachim said as he slipped his nude body between the cool satin sheets. "Oh, and I'm afraid he's going to have to give the car a thorough cleaning tomorrow. That will be all, Philip."

But the valet lingered in the bedroom doorway, his hand on the light switch. "If you don't mind my asking, sir...was your evening as amusing as you hoped it would be?"

Joachim grinned. "A proper manservant doesn't ask that sort of question, Philip," he teased. "Just warn Thomas that I may be borrowing his uniform—and the limo—with some frequency in future."

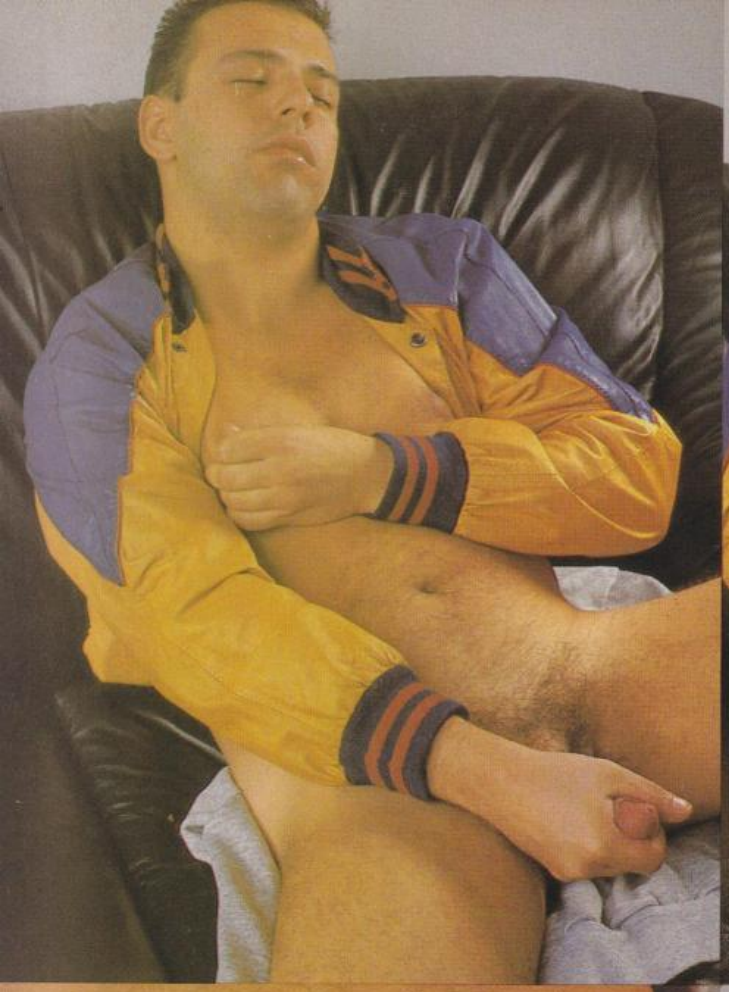
Philip returned his master's grin, then turned out the light, and Joachim fell asleep almost at once. ■





BRUISER

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAAKKVE



Every inch a punk.

BRUISER

He's a bully, but you won't say no.

BRUISER

Maybe you're the man to tame him.

With each lunge, Shawn's tool grew larger. Finally, Jim drew his mouth away and looked up. "You've got one hell of a big wanger there, Bud," he said enviously. "Just about as much as any man could handle, I'd say."

HARD TIMES AT GROWTH CAMP

BY CHARLES CHESSHER
ART DON

As he sat on the side of the hill that overlooked the silent, moonlit camp, Jim Austin tried to get a grip on his emotions. The blond, normally suave executive was finding it more and more difficult to suppress his feelings. It took a fortitude he never knew he had to continue projecting the calm self-assurance that the others had come to expect. He kept reminding himself he was still the same person—the same respected v.p. of finance, a community leader and family man who two days ago had checked into Cloud Nine Growth Camp with the other Zandex executives.

Then, just as he would get himself calmed down, the nagging doubts would wash back over him. He would never have believed the retreat could have such a strange effect upon him. But alas, in this short time the belief system he had spent thirty-eight years nurturing had suddenly become frighteningly out of whack. He wasn't sure of much any more, and what he was sure of he didn't want to think about. Maybe if he pinched himself the nightmare would dissolve; he would wake up at home, snuggled next to Dora. But when he tried it, he found himself still on the hill alongside his assistant, looking down at the tent camp of sleeping executives.

Jim looked over at Shawn, his financial analyst. At twenty-eight, Shawn was darkly handsome, ambitious, and smart. Yet at the moment, his eyes staring into space, his mind God knows where, Shawn seemed eerily boyish, like a kid brother who needed protection.

Jim took a deep breath and hoped his voice wouldn't sound shaky. "What do you think so far?"

Shawn Mahoney met Jim's gaze with unblinking eyes. "Incredible," he stammered, then turned back toward the camp as he fumbled for the right words. "Mind blowing, really."

Jim didn't like it that his thoughts kept flashing back to the high wire, when Shawn's life had been in his hands. "To be a real team player," Rising Star, the Indian facilitator, had told them, "you must give of yourself—totally."

As partners, they had helped each other through the most difficult and nerve-wracking parts of the obstacle course. Although they had been attached to a lifeline,

shimmying up a rope to the top of a 25-foot pole had seemed a real enough danger—all too real. It was no fun wading through a snake-infested pond, either. The worst part, though, was having to jump from the twenty-foot platform into a net on the ground. When it was over, the participants knew they had shared an experience they would never forget—a catharsis that would change them forever.

Now, as late evening winds buffeted them, first from one direction and then from another, Jim craved the ultimate catharsis—to be totally free, totally himself. For the first time in his life, another man had seen him vulnerable, and he had survived the experience unscathed. Like Indian blood brothers, they had shared feelings, touches, and looks that he knew would be etched indelibly in his memory. They had shared too much to stop now.

Capitulating at last to the urgings of his inner being, Jim reached over and pulled his assistant's face toward him. "Thanks for all you taught me today," he said. Then, he pressed his mouth against Shawn's full red lips. To Jim's surprise, the young brunette returned the affection openly, his tongue slithering between their open mouths.

Pulling away finally, Shawn looked down at the camp and then back at Jim. "The others?"

In silence, Jim took Shawn's hand and led him across the top of the hill and down past a grove of Mexican juniper to a secluded ravine. There, they stood facing each other under the star-filled sky.

Shawn took a deep breath and looked up toward the moon. "It's nice to be away from the city," he said, smiling. Then, he reached down and rubbed Jim's crotch between his thumb and forefinger. "I'm glad we're here—together."

Jim pulled Shawn closer to him. "Me too," he said, looking deep into his assistant's eyes. He reached inside Shawn's shirt and began stroking his nipple. "I want to eat you alive tonight." He pulled his hand back up and began unbuttoning Shawn's shirt.

Once his chest was exposed, Shawn pulled his shirt off and laid it on a flat rock nearby. Then, as he reached down to unfasten his pants, he looked back at Jim. "Let's get all these damn clothes off. I want to feel your naked body next to mine."

After they had stripped, Jim clenched his hands around Shawn's narrow waist and steered him toward the rock. "Sit down and take a load off your feet," he commanded. When Shawn was on the rock, Jim pulled the younger man's legs apart and squatted down in front of him. Jim reached for the brunette's hefty tool, but before taking it in his mouth, he looked up and smiled. "When I say I'm ready to eat," he said, winking, "I mean it."

Jim took the financial analyst's dick in his mouth. Slowly, he slid his mouth up the growing shaft until his nose met the musty clump of pubic hair at the base. As his mouth moved back down the shaft, his tongue eagerly explored the expanding system of veins that crisscrossed Shawn's hose. He lingered at the head, his tongue rimming and poking.

"Oh, man," Shawn moaned, leaning back on the rock so Jim could have more of him, "that feels good."

Jim tongued his way back up the shaft, faster this time, quickening his pace to heighten Shawn's pleasure. With each lunge, Shawn's tool grew larger. Finally, Jim drew his mouth away and looked up. "You've got one helluva big wanger there, Bud," he said enviously. "Just about as much as any man could handle, I'd say."

Shawn motioned for Jim to change positions with him. "It's my turn," he said, guiding Jim to the rock. He placed his boss in the same spot, got between Jim's legs, and took the blond executive's rock-hard cock in his mouth. Pressing his lips firmly against the base, he slowly moved all the way up the shaft. As he sucked his way back down, he began stroking his own big dick.

Jim leaned back and looked up at the stars. He extended his legs and reached up to pull the back of Shawn's head toward him. "Oh, baby," he pleaded, "do it to me. Take my cum in your mouth."

Moving faster now, Shawn kept sucking Jim until the damn burst.

"Oh, I'm coming," Jim moaned. His legs jerked as the first of his load shot into Shawn's mouth. He jerked four more times, until, satiated, he let go of Shawn's head and lowered his back to the rock.

Shawn kept pumping his own dick. As his climax approached, he got up and stood over his boss. "I'm coming," he announced as his bobbing dick spat cum across Jim's legs and all the way up to his shoulders. Shaking the excess cum off the end of his dick, Shawn leaned down and kissed his boss. "Next time," he said, "I want your ass."

The suggestion made Jim flinch. Suddenly, he flashed back to his bedroom at home, to Dora. He was barraged by guilt. *Oh, God, what have I done?* "No way," he shot back at Shawn as he reached down for his pants. "I have a wife at home—a beautiful wife."

Jim's mind reeled as he tried to fight off what had just happened. Okay, so he had let his financial analyst suck him off. That didn't make him a...a queer, for God's sake. It was just an experience, that's all, a weird one-time experience triggered by that damned obstacle course. He'd read about psychological case histories where people who experience highly emotional situations develop a close bond—temporarily.

"Whatever you say, *boss*," Shawn snapped as he jerked his pants up. "Let me know when you decide who you really are." He flung his shirt over his shoulder and stomped off toward the camp.

At sunrise the next morning, Rising Star, wearing nothing but a loincloth and a leather headband, led the ten sleepy executives to the top of the hill. They sat in a circle around the Indian guide as the sky exploded in an angry panorama of crimson, indigo, and violet.

"Yesterday, you were led through a series of physical obstacles that many people in our modern world never face," Rising Star said, his gaze glued warily to the awakening sky. "You learned, I trust, that once fear is conquered, anything is possible. Today, we will focus on your inner world."

Rising Star took the executives through a series of visualization exercises designed to "open up and realign the body's seven chakras." Like the others, Jim and Shawn listened intently, avoiding each other's gaze. Near the end of the session, Rising Star divided the men into groups of five. One man would lie prone while the other four lifted him into the air. Then they would slowly lower him to the ground, gently swaying him as they chanted over and over, "All we ask is that you remember that we love you." The exercise left Jim feeling drained and vulnerable, and from the looks he observed in his colleagues' eyes, he was sure they were feeling the same way. Love was an alien and disturbing concept to men as competitive as fighting cocks.

By 8 A.M. the meeting broke up for breakfast, but Jim stayed behind to talk to Rising Star. "What are some of the symptoms of misaligned chakras?" he asked, half-seriously. He wasn't sure he really believed in the concept, but then maybe, just maybe, these energy centers, as Rising Star called them, could provide the clue he was looking for. Maybe these chakras could help him find himself, once and for all.

ASIAN & LATIN EROTICA

The best available anywhere!

- HARD CORE VIDEO: High energy Asian & Latin imported video; sizzling & beautifully romantic, from Japan, Thailand, Mexico & the U.S.—more than 20 titles to choose from: Amigos Calientes! Thailand, Song of Life! Exotic Japan Otoko! and more. 60 min; $69 each + $3 S/H.

- BOOKS AND MAGAZINES: Erotic pillow books from Japan; Asian & Latin magazines featuring great faces— hard and nude bodies. Now available: OG from Singapore; MACHO TIPS from Mexico; NEON & MEN OF THAILAND (gay guide) from Thailand; SWEET ADOLESENCE from Japan and many other titles.

- PASSPORT: A monthly magazine featuring international news, travel information, personal ads & provocative photos, $25/12 issues domestic, $30 overseas; ads $15/50 words.

Send $5 for complete brochure pak: videos, books, magazines, calendars, photosets & more.—all models over 18.

We accept VISA/MasterCard
INTERNATIONAL WAVELENGTH, INC.
2215-R Market St, #236 San Francisco, CA 94114
225 Duboce **(415) 861-3361**

Without saying anything, Rising Star stepped behind Jim. "Close your eyes and concentrate on the energy," he ordered.

Jim complied, and within a few seconds he began to feel a warm sensation at the base of his spine. The pulsating warmth moved down his buttocks and into his prostrate. Opening his eyes, Jim turned and looked at Rising Star. "How did you do that?"

The Indian met his gaze with all-knowing eyes. "I sent the energy, and you received it."

Normally, Jim was skeptical of anything he couldn't see, anything that hadn't been proven scientifically. He prided himself in the analytical abilities his business-school education had provided him. Nevertheless, he couldn't deny what he had just felt. It was as real as—the flashback made him shudder—sex with Shawn had been.

Rising Star stared into Jim's eyes, ran his gaze down Jim's body and back up again. "We need to release the blockage at the base of your spine," he said. "Meet me at the Sweat Lodge at ten o'clock."

After breakfast and an hour talk by Donrey Black, the staff hypnotherapist, it was nearly ten. The participants were on their own until lunch. Jim walked toward the Sweat Lodge along a dry creek bed, lost in fretful inner dialogue.

As he approached the lodge—actually a small tin building with a furnace at one end—the scent of burning wood told him that Rising Star already had the fire going. Jim opened the squeaky door, and his eyes fought to adjust to the dim light. After a few moments, he made out the figure of Rising Star sitting on a long bench against a wall, his eyes closed and his hands extended straight out, palms up. His naked, taut body was covered with sweat.

"Damn, it's hot in here!" Jim said.

Rising Star opened his eyes slowly. "It's supposed to be." As Rising Star got up from the bench and walked toward him, Jim noticed that in its flaccid state the Indian's dick looked to be about seven inches long—and at least half as thick as a beer can.

"Take your clothes off and lie on your stomach," Rising Star ordered.

Normally, the executive would have bristled at an order, especially from someone he barely knew. But today, for some reason, he complied without so much as a whimper of complaint. As he lay naked on the bench, Rising Star leaned over him. Jim looked back and saw the Indian moving his palms in circles about five inches above his butt.

Rising Star pushed the back of Jim's head down toward the bench. "Close your eyes and concentrate," he said.

Within a few minutes, Jim once again felt the familiar glowing warmth at the base of his spine. As before, it moved down to his ass and up to his prostate. This time, though, the warmth intensified, and before Jim knew what was happening, the Indian was easing his dick inside the executive's butt.

Jim opened his eyes and looked back. "Hey, man, what's going on?" he asked, trying to twist out from under the Native American.

Rising Star placed the palm of his hand at the base of Jim's spine, over the chakra associated with the color red. "Close your eyes and concentrate on the feelings," he commanded. "See the red light at the base of your spine."

Jim saw the red light, and he became powerless to resist as Rising Star pushed his dick up Jim's ass. Not knowing what else to do, Jim told his mind that the red light was pulsating over him as the Indian pushed all the way in. A wave of intense pain-pleasure cascaded over him. "Fuck me, Rising Star," he heard his voice say. "Fuck me hard!"

As Rising Star began pumping Jim's butt in earnest, the blond executive began to realize that the Indian operated from a deep-seated inner control. Rising Star plunged his dick in all the way to its base. Sometimes he would linger at that point, allowing Jim's pulsating prostate the full benefit of his fat tool all the while poking his long tongue into the crevices of Jim's ears. Then he would pull back slowly, twisting from side to side, his moves stimulating the mass of tiny nerve endings in Jim's quivering butt.

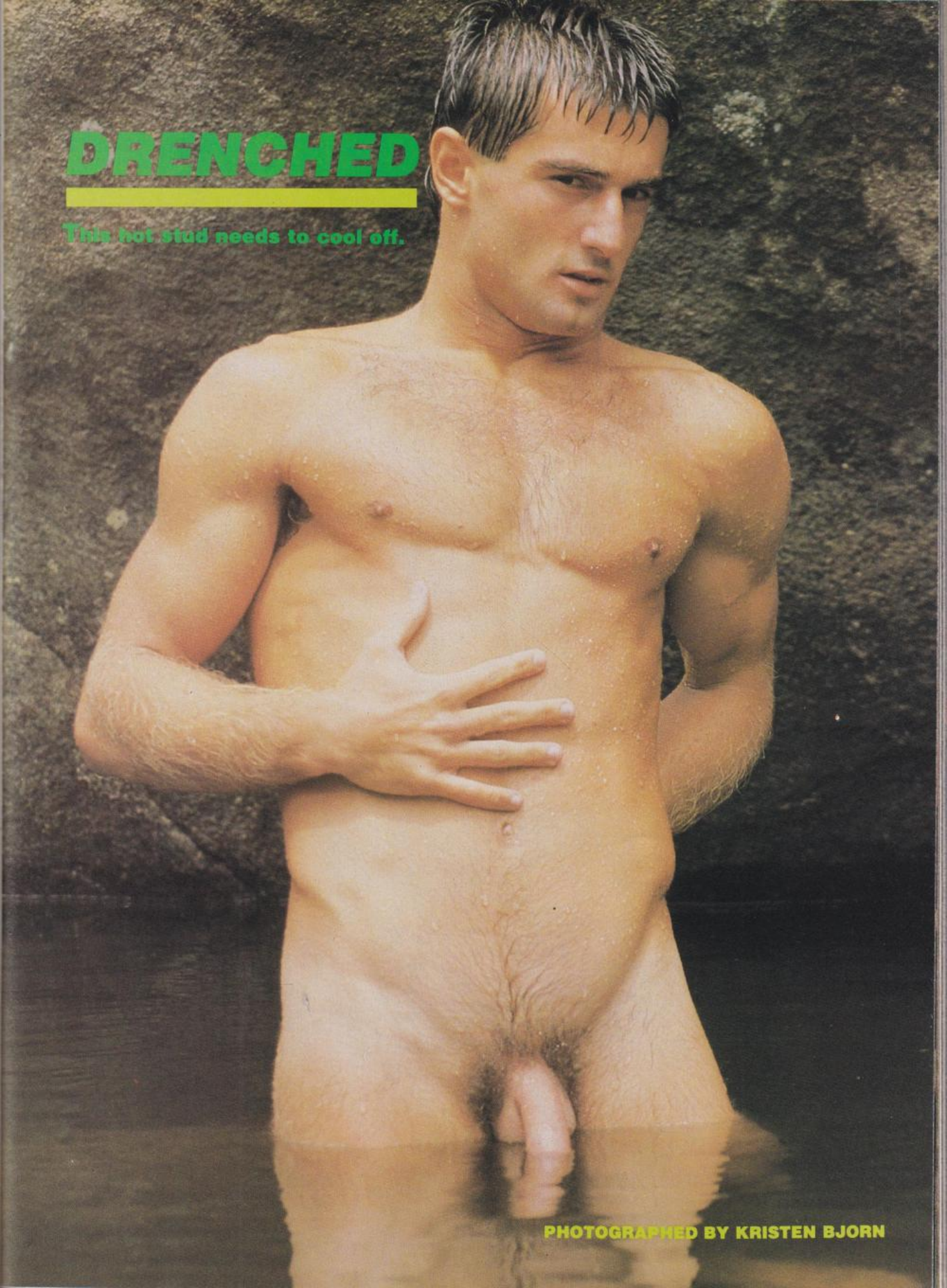
"You like my Indian cock up your high-class hole, don't you?" Rising Star asked huskily, slapping Jim's buttocks.

"Yes, dammit!" Jim screamed, digging his fingers into the sides of the bench. "I like your big cock up my ass. Don't stop. Don't ever stop!"

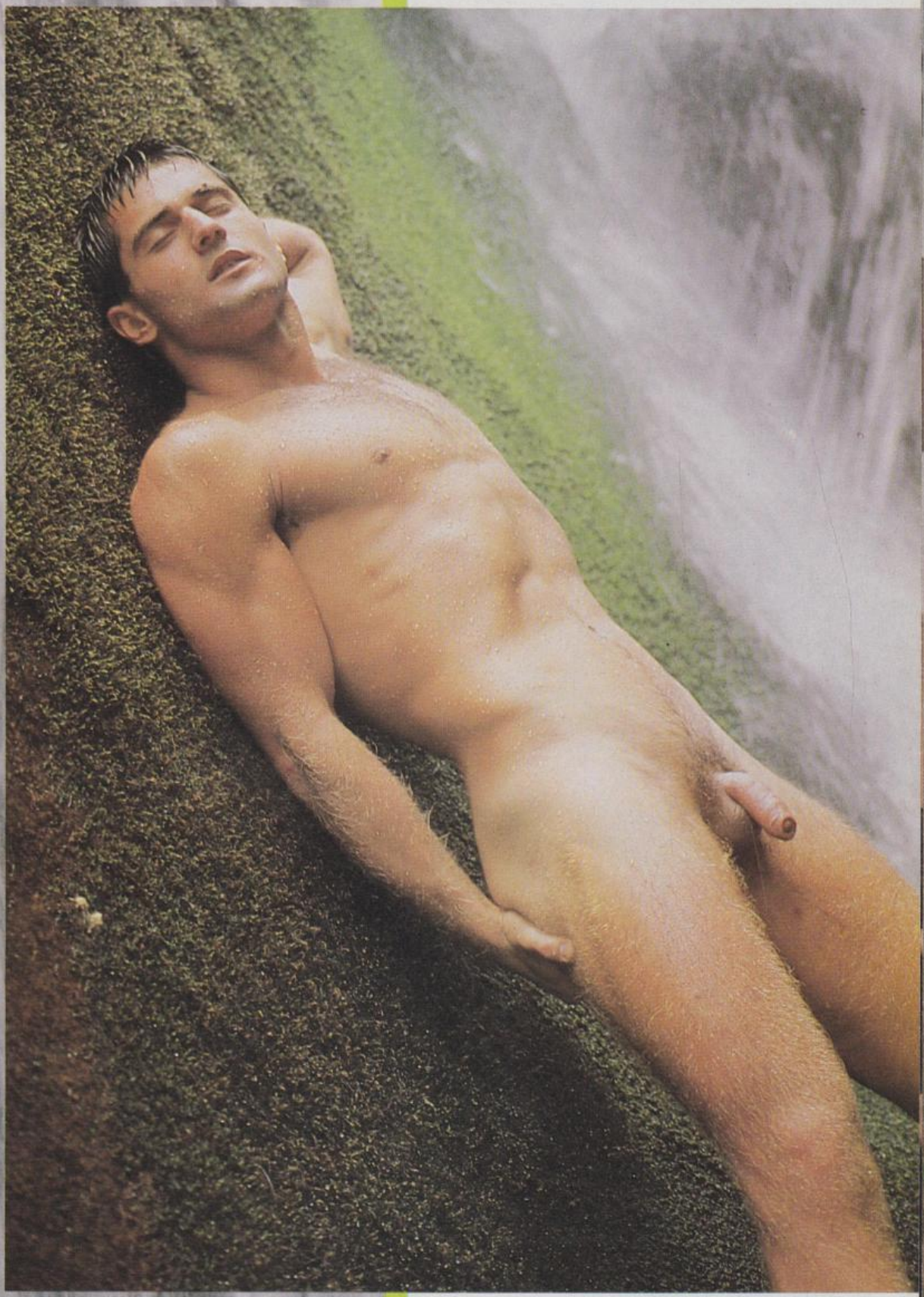
Suddenly, Rising Star jerked inside the blond exec, and at the same time Jim's dick pulsed and sputtered. By the time Rising Star pulled out of him, Jim was lying in a puddle of his own hot cum.

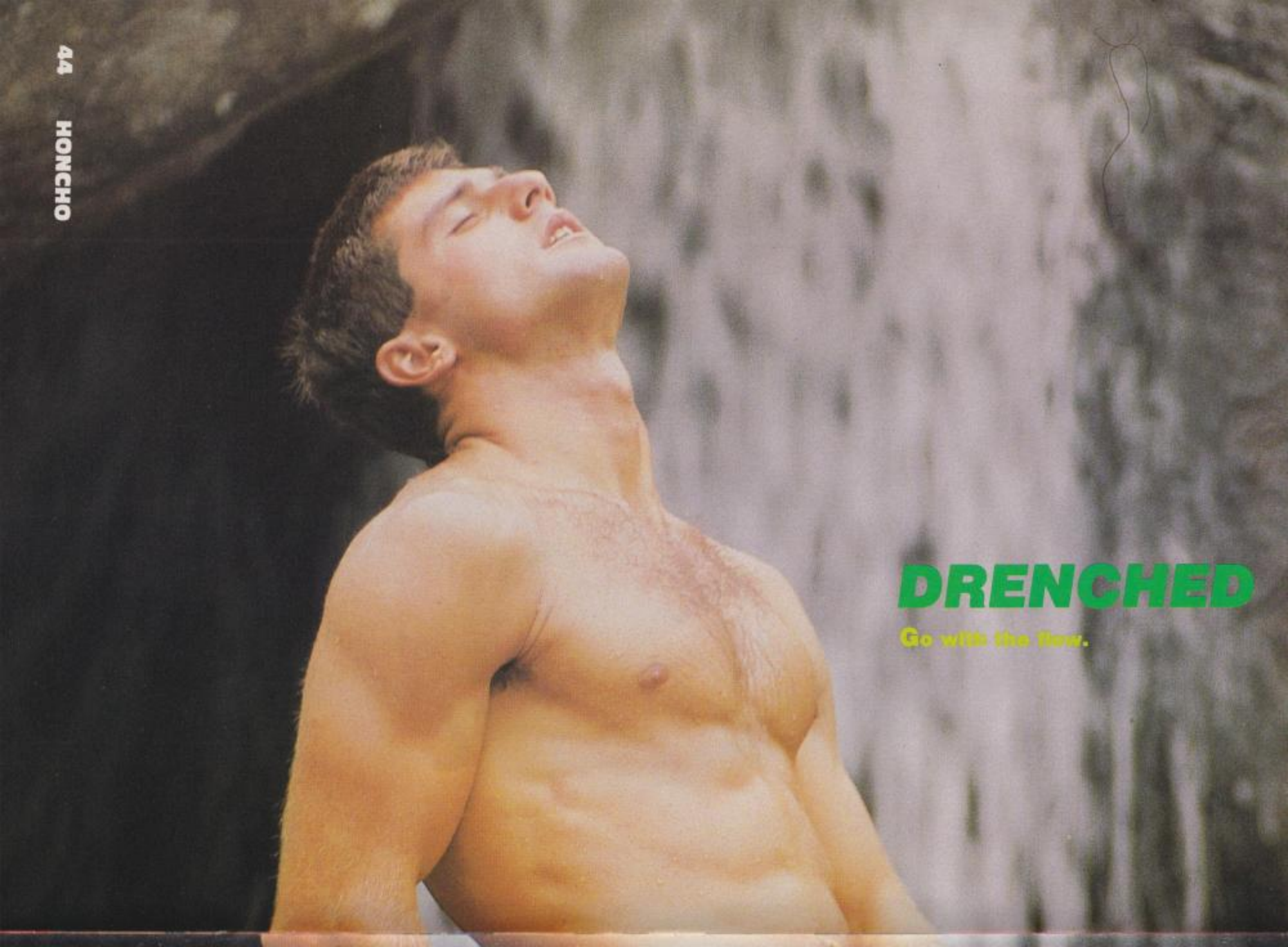
The next day, the Zandex executives loaded up the company van for the trip back to the city. As they drove away, Rising Star waved, smiled broadly, and, changing to a wide-legged stance, grabbed his cock through his pants and shook it at the departing city folk.

Although Shawn was still avoiding him, Jim knew he would make it up to the younger man. ■


DRENCHED
This hot stud needs to cool off.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KRISTEN BJORN

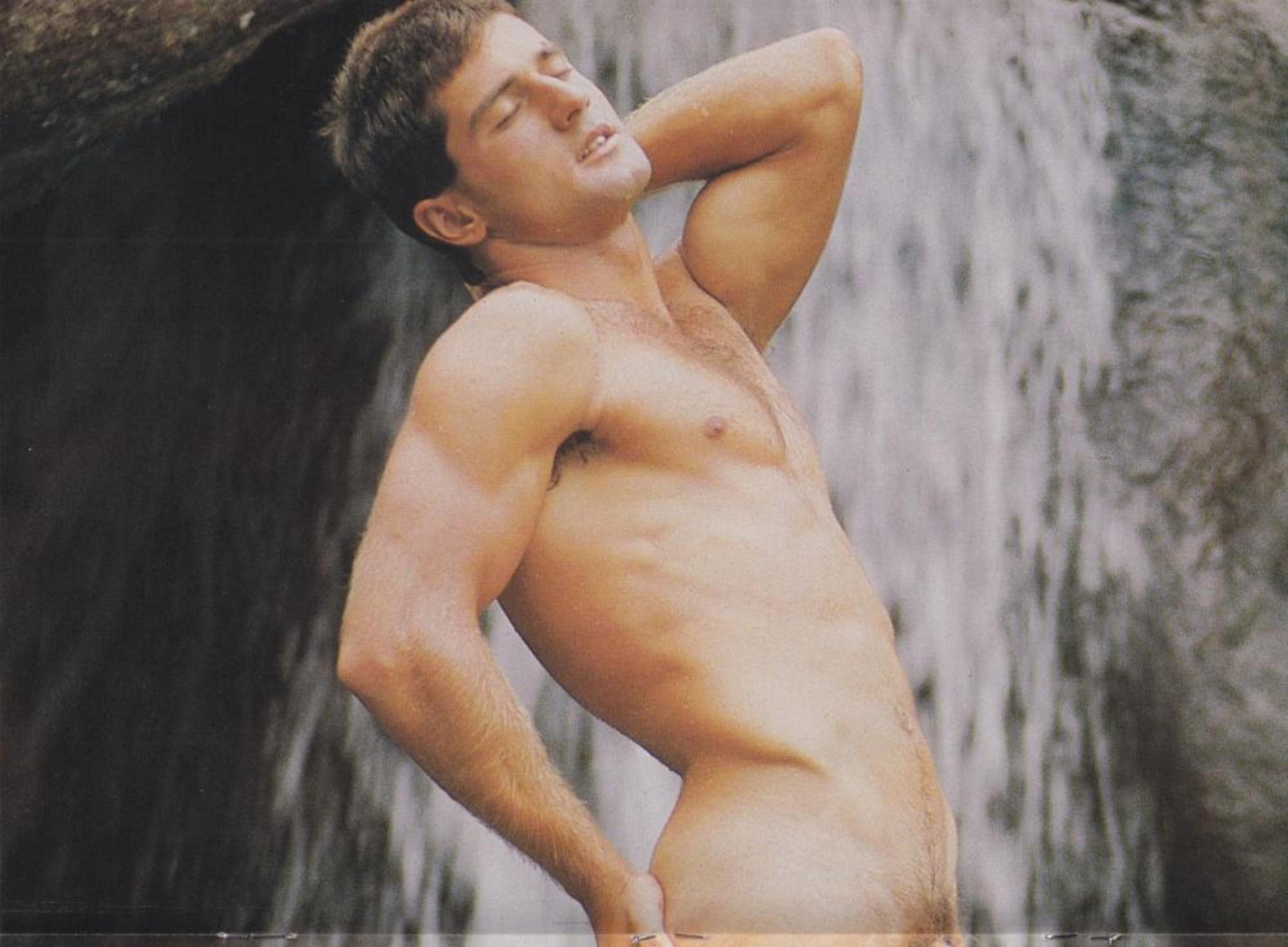
DRENCHED



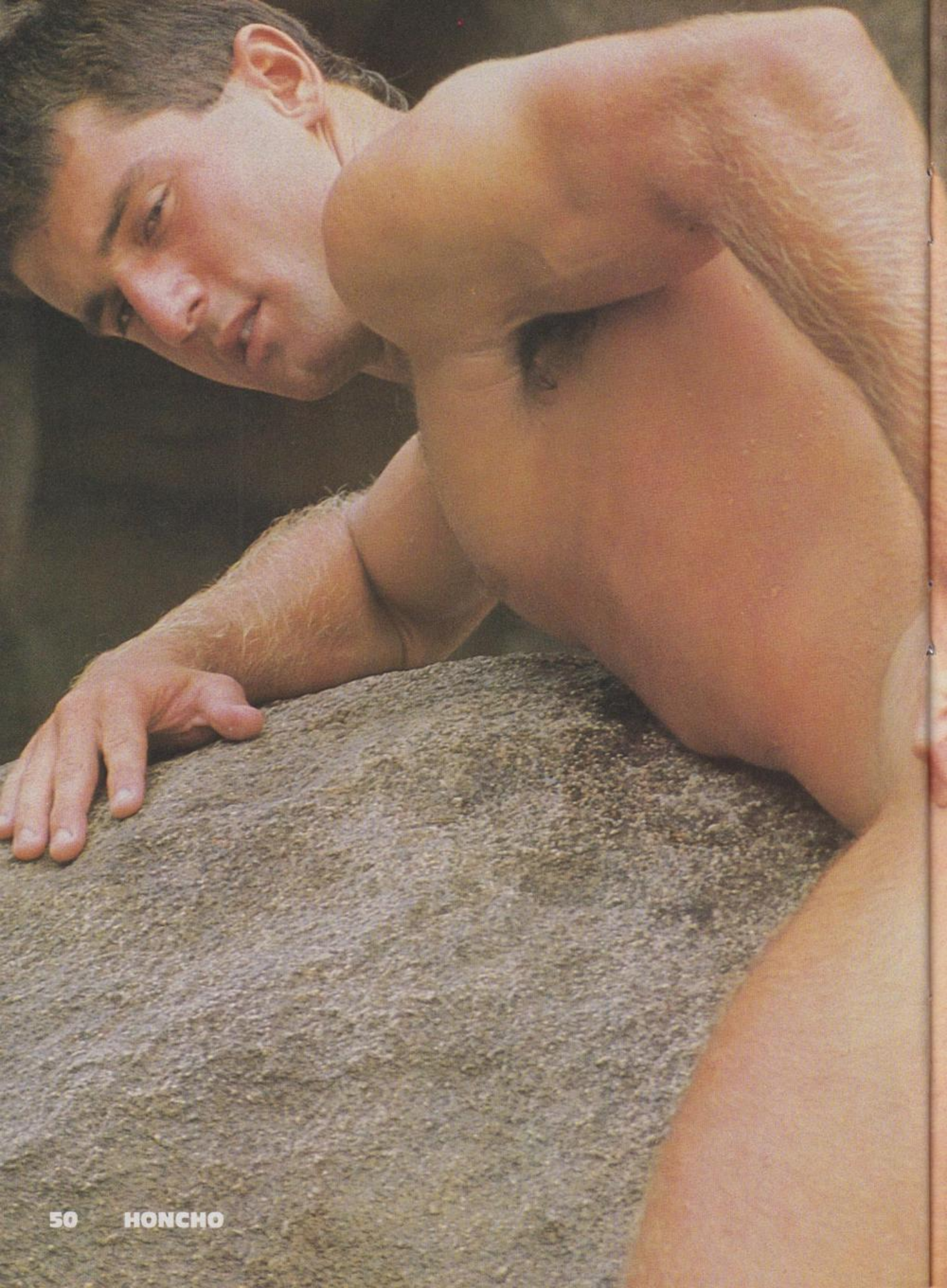


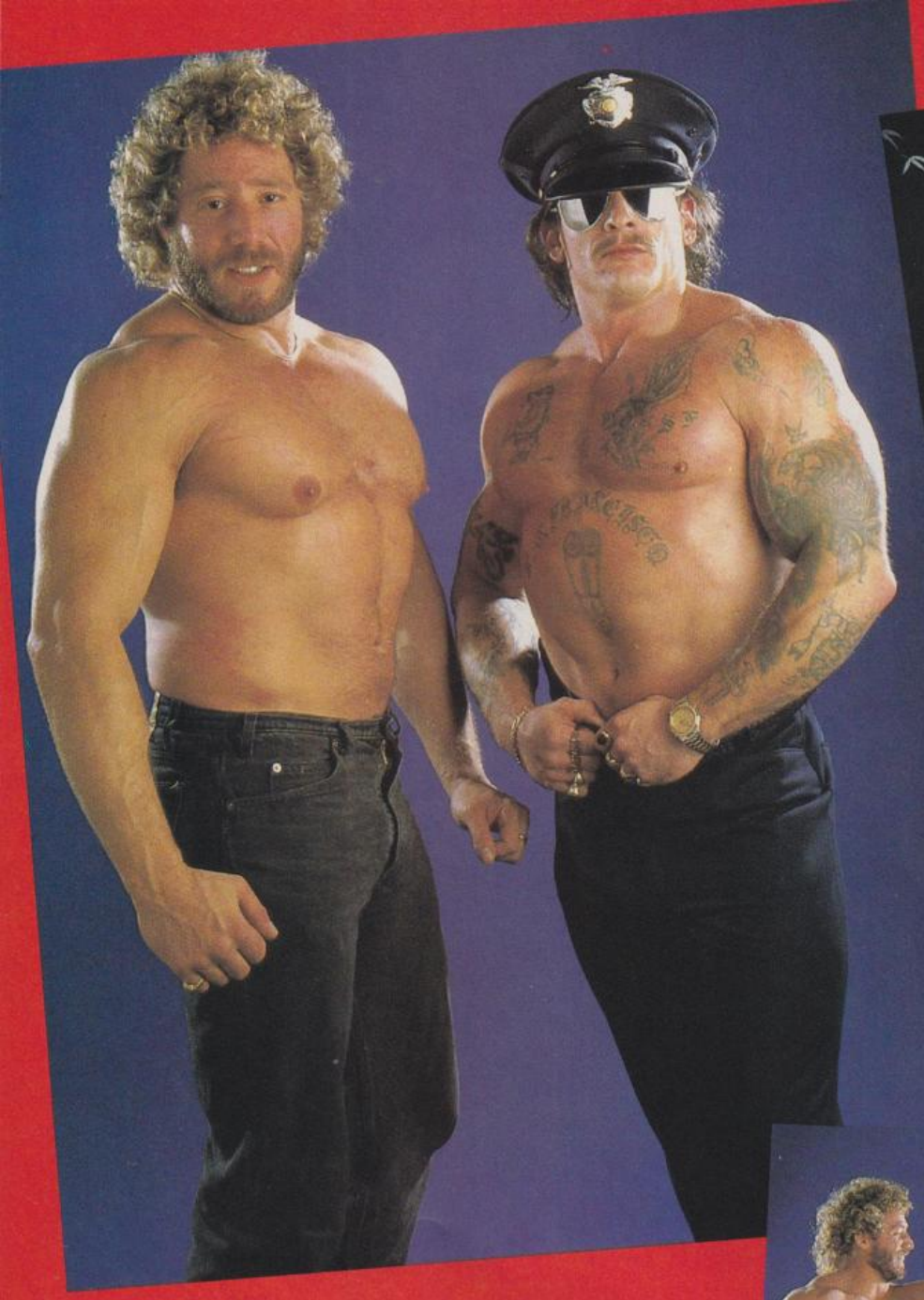
DRENCHED

Go with the flow.



DRENCHED





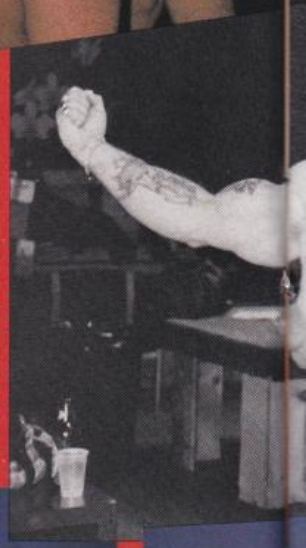
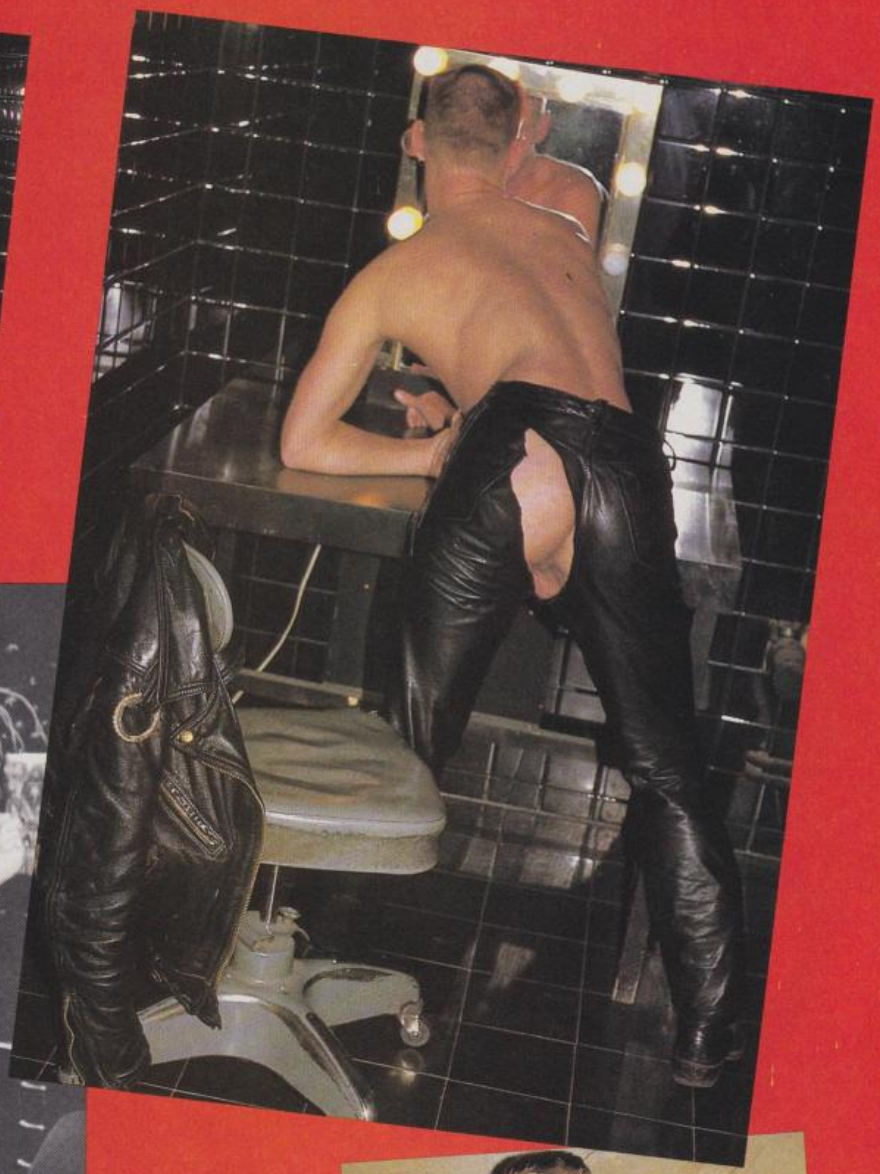
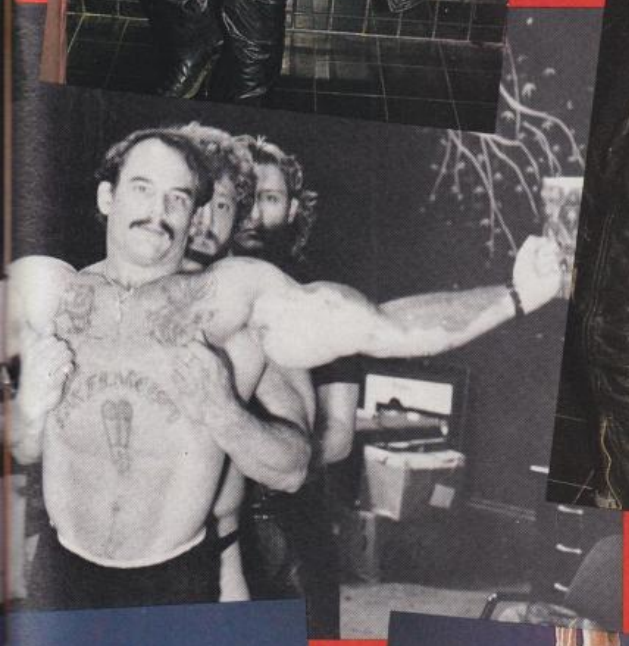


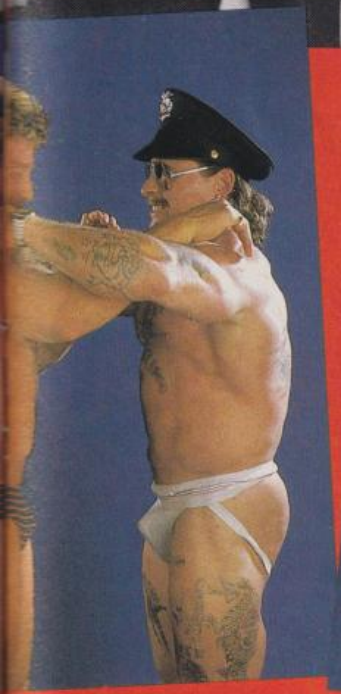
PHOTO PRIAPUS

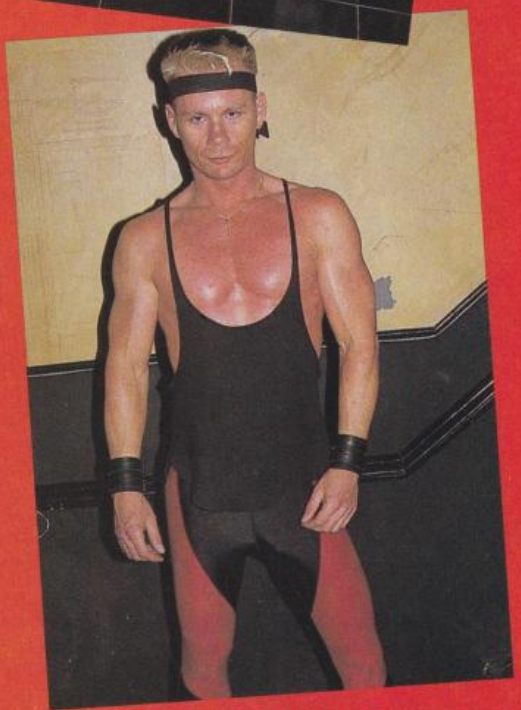
EXCLUSIVE! THE BLACK PARTY

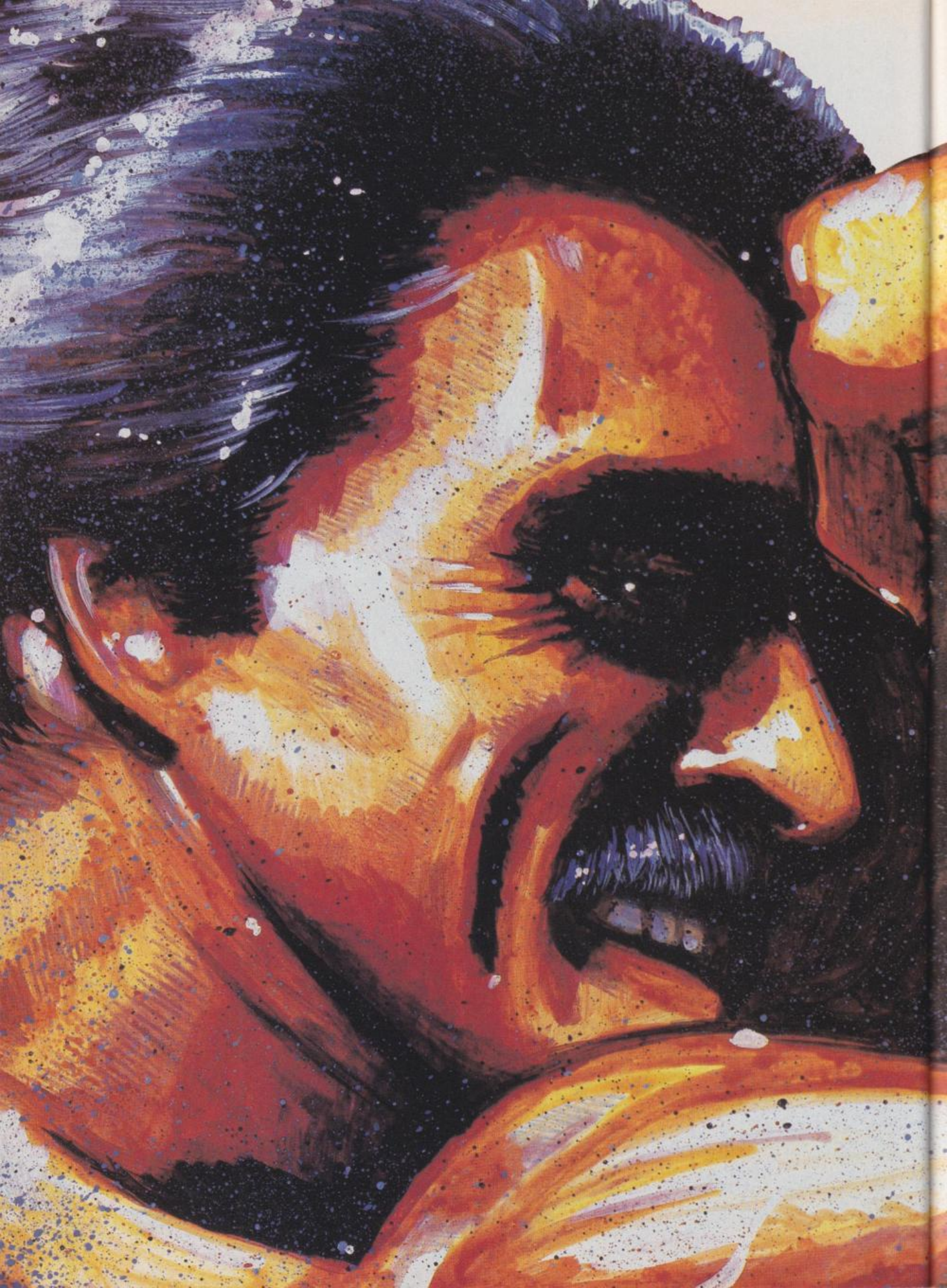
HONCHO got in backstage at the Saint's last Black Party and got to hang out with star men Chris Burns and Scott O'Hara, with the traveling strip act "Victims of Desire," and with two tons of beef known as "The Dirt Busters," an act we'd like to clean up ourselves. The men performed hard and long and played just the same into the next afternoon...







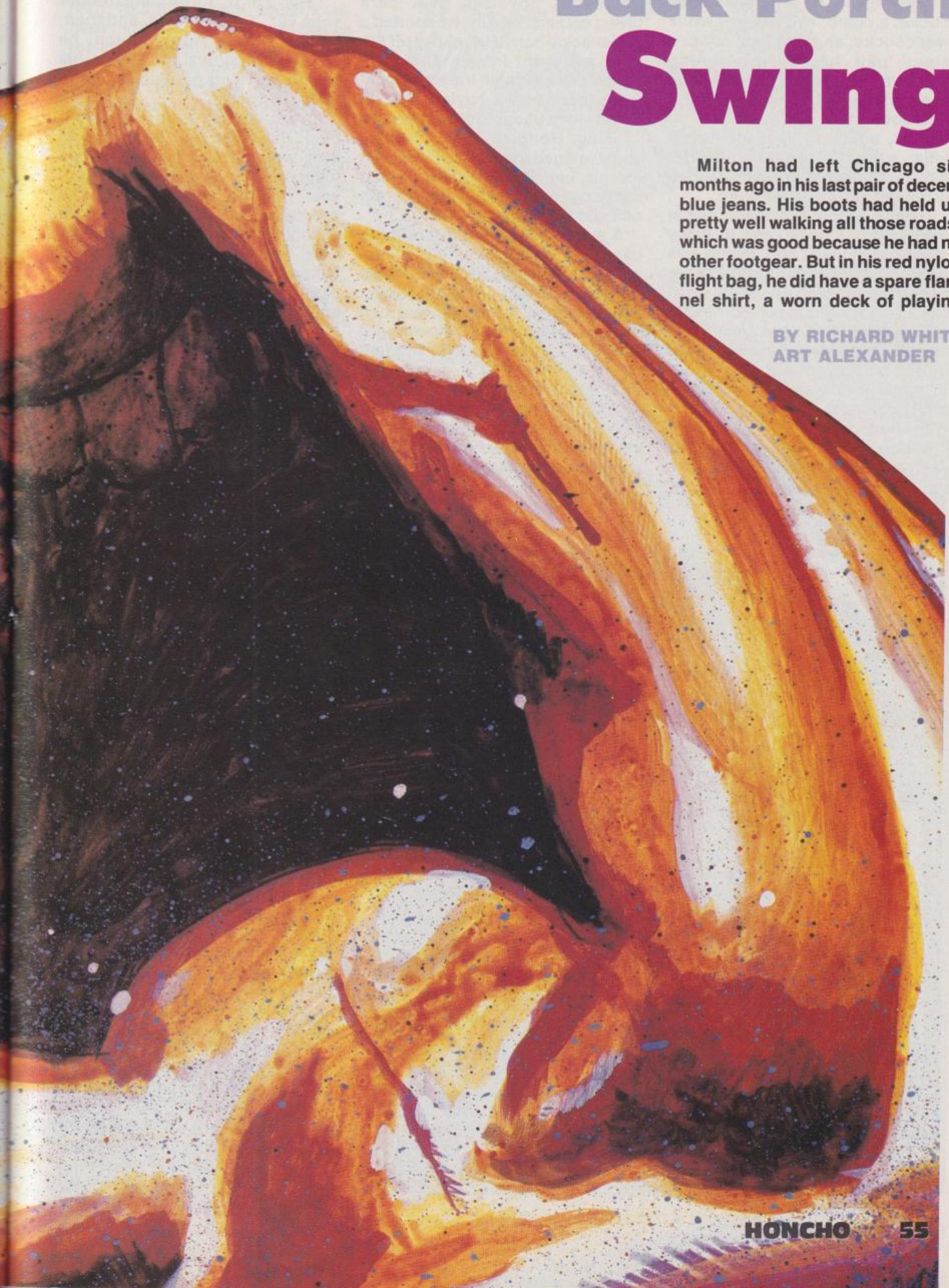




Back Porch Swing

Milton had left Chicago six months ago in his last pair of decent blue jeans. His boots had held up pretty well walking all those roads, which was good because he had no other footgear. But in his red nylon flight bag, he did have a spare flannel shirt, a worn deck of playing

BY RICHARD WHITE
ART ALEXANDER



cards, half a bottle of Jack Daniels, a wallet with ID and seventeen bucks, a comb, two pairs of white work socks, an extra jock strap, a small pair of beard-trimming scissors, two graying T-shirts, a bar of soap wrapped in aluminum foil, a notebook with ball-point pen attached, a tube of Vaseline, band-aids, a pair of imitation-leather gloves, a sock hat, and two stale jelly doughnuts in plastic wrap.

He had bought the doughnuts at the last truck stop he came to, many miles of flat fields ago. Milton was bone-weary now, but he was determined not to sleep under the open sky again. He was in perfect health, but he was forty-three years old, and his back was still sore from the last cloudburst he had slept through. A mile ago he had taken his last aspirin, swigging it down with warm Jack Daniels.

Milton trudged on through the aptly-named county of Stark. The land lay flat in all directions, blackness hovering over dark green carpets. Finally, he spotted a ramshackle barn. He veered off the road and went inside. The stars were visible through the roof, but at least there was a hayloft that he could sleep under to avoid another soaking. He found some dry hay and managed a middling-sized nest for his big old body. He spread some old newspapers for warmth and slid into a welcome sleep.

A sunbeam slanted through the overhead beams, casting a rectangular ray onto Milton's piss hard-on and heating up his dream-remembrance. He saw the last man he'd been with, the trucker who'd given him a ride through the last nowhere town. It's name was Toulon, but in the dream it became "Too Long," an apt description of the trucker's cock, which began to slither down the husky man's thigh as soon as Milton climbed into the truck.

"Hurry on in 'fore a state trooper sees ya," the man said, and then, leaning over Milton's crotch, he smiled his approval and sighed, his breath smelling of stale beer and all-night driving.

In the dream, as in the recent past, the miles flew by and soon they were parked behind a huge billboard. Milton's dream-memory was flooded with images—the trucker's butt spread wide over Milton's face, musky, pissy, sweaty balls dangling over Milton's nose, Milton's tongue buried in the dampness of the trucker's chute. Moans and sighs and whispers blended into a chant of deep rumblings that quivered the trucker's hole. His cock dripped early dew onto Milton's chest, just as the morning air was doing as Milton slept.

Milton's chest hairs fluttered like long, wet ferns. The dream-memory and the day were in concert for his cock. His hard-on poked through the button-fly of his jeans and waved into the air. A couple of flies lit on the droplets oozing from his piss slit, and Milton dreamed of the flicking, light tongue of the trucker. The crinkling newspapers about his head appeared in his dream as the rough corduroys tight on the trucker's ankles. They rubbed on either side of Milton's head as the trucker fucked Milton's mouth. The fat cock helmet stabbed at his larynx, and his gurglings ceased. Balls rubbed onto Milton's chin as the trucker drove home his cargo of cock.

Sounds of the morning entered into and accompanied Milton's dream. The whispering of the wind through the trees became the hissing of the trucker's breath in Milton's ears. The croaking of the barn's ancient wooden uprights became the rubbings of two pairs of boots. Milton's sucking in air mimicked the slurping of the trucker's cock as it slid in and out of Milton's ass.

Milton's visions came more rapidly now, as the trucker pleasured himself in the hitchhiker's asshole. Milton was close—close to awakening and close to coming. In his sleep, he reached for his cock. A glint of sunlight struck his cheek and became a hot kiss from the stub-

bled chin of the trucker. Milton's hand found his cock, consciousness racing to the surface as fast as the cum pressure was building in his shaft. His fingers wrapped around it and became the trucker's callused palm. Thick veins swelled around the trucker's cock as Milton watched it sliding in and out of his hairy butt. As he stroked himself slowly and evenly, day began to seep into Milton's mind.

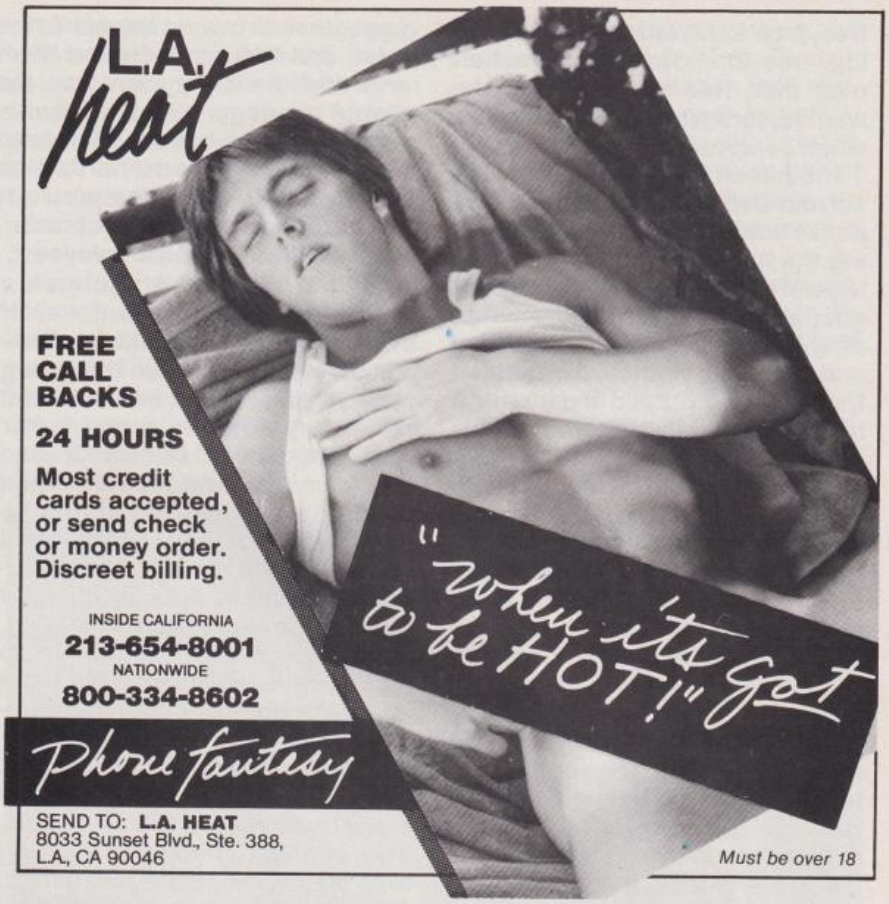
Suddenly, one last heave into his hole, and Milton was rousing. Clouds parted overhead as his cock shot rockets of cum into the stratosphere. The last vestiges of his dream were the trucker's shouts as he shot his load up Milton's ass. Then Milton's eyes fluttered open and he watched a strand of his own cum fling into his sweaty chest hairs. Birds flew overhead, graciously looking aside as ribbons of Milton's sperm flew toward them.

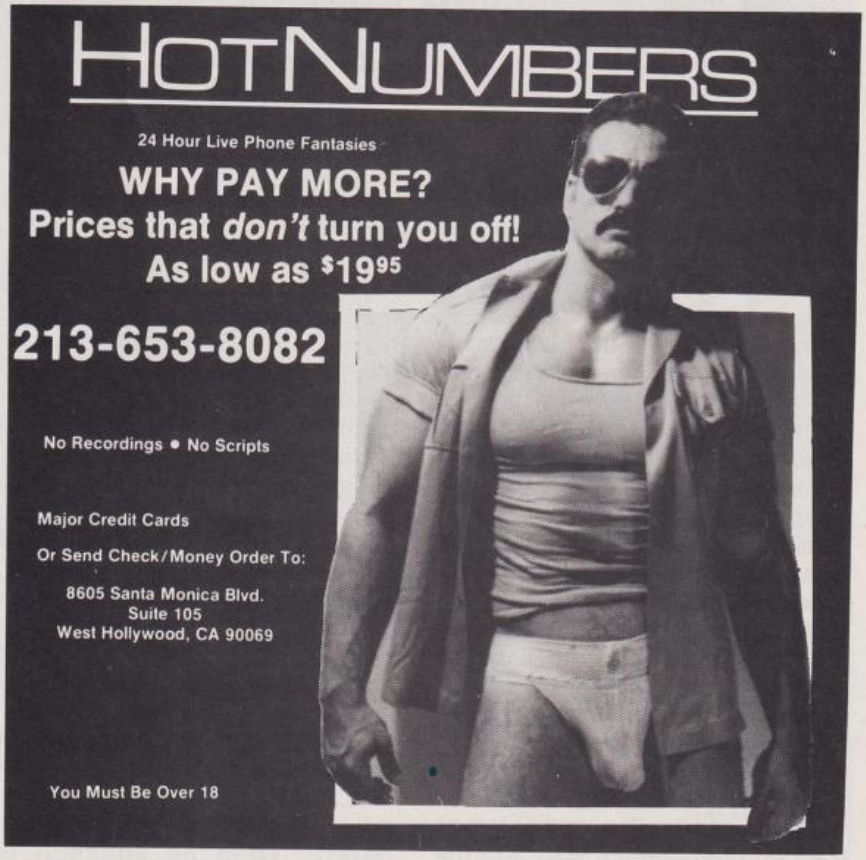
Milton was awake.

He stretched, winced at the mild pain in his back, and sat up. He looked down at himself and rubbed the last remnants of cum into his cock hairs. He knew he needed to wash, and his clothes needed washing too. He stood and faced the rising sun, his destination behind him, to the west. He'd always wanted to see the Mississippi, and he wasn't too far now; the mighty river edged the western border of the state of Illinois.

He peeked out through the tattered lace of broken beams into the morning. Way across the field, a silo rubbed its silver erection into the pale-gold sky. Beside it were a farmhouse, three smaller houses, and storage bins—work! There had to be *something* he could do for today's meal and tonight's bed. He needed to buy a winter jacket for his trek, and a spare pair of jeans. Work. Surely any farm could use a tall, strong, hard-working man. Milton was as good with a hammer as he was with a skillet, as good with a sewing needle as he was with his cock.

To the right, Milton saw a cluster of trees, and that, he figured, meant a pond or a small river. Washing was a major priority, so he slung his bag over his shoulder and hulked off toward the trees. Wide fields of dew-damp grass filled his nostrils with the knowledge that he was





free, free to luxuriate in the morning, free to choose this direction over that, free to work when he wanted, fuck who he wanted, sleep when he wanted. Free.

His hunch was right. The trees surrounded a large pond. Stray ducks bobbed for breakfast, ignoring the fully-clad man wading into the water. He'd left his boots on the oozy edge. Now, carefully unwrapping his bar of soap, he scrubbed and rinsed his clothes, then peeled them off and draped them over a bush to dry while he scrubbed his body. His reflection in the water showed he'd lost a few pounds. Good, he thought. He'd gotten fat during his six years of married life. As he shed pounds, he was shedding his former life. Walking away in the dawn from that house his wife's family had given them was the hardest and most painful act he'd ever forced himself to complete. After that, realizing he wanted the love of men seemed less terrifying. He only wished he'd decided earlier in his life to seek satisfaction in men's arms. He was balding, wrinkling, and graying a bit at the temples, and after sucking countless cocks, he'd realized that his cock was smaller than most. That had never occurred to him when he was fucking Angie. Back then, his own cock was the only erection he'd ever seen.

He rinsed himself off and put aside regrets and self-pity. What a magnificent morning it was. He was losing weight, and maybe he'd get back that tight, trim waist he used to have.

He walked to dry land, rewrapped his soap, and sat down in a clump of bushes to wait for his clothes to dry in the sun. His thoughts drifted back to the soreness in his ass that he'd so hungrily sought from the trucker in Toulon. He was drifting into a nap when he heard a pickup truck approaching very slowly. He peeked through the bushes and saw two men in the front seat, one of them a handsome, twenty-five-ish blond. Behind the blond, carrying a bag of food, was a bigger, hairier, thicker-bodied man of about forty. Milton would not learn until tomorrow what the connection was between the two men—which was that the younger man owned the pond, the farm, and 250 acres around them and that the older man was the stable manager for the farm's horses. Flaxen-haired, blue-eyed Duncan Lizac Jr. had inherited the farm from his father the previous year, and Morris, the stable master, was his most trusted employee.

On his deathbed, Duncan's father had made the entire staff swear to continue working for Duncan Jr. Morris had been the young man's riding teacher and a second father to a boy whose real father was always busy. Duncan Jr. had few memories and little affection for his late father, but Morris he loved and admired. Morris had helped mold the proud young Duncan into a man. Almost. The guy was still too cocky, too demanding, and far too selfish. But thanks to Morris, he was a damn sight more mature than the bratty tantrum-filled adolescent he used to be.

Milton, watching from a distance, saw only a beautiful young man in faded jeans and shiny brown boots. The sunlight framed the young man's square-cut face and glinted off the platinum locks that flopped over his eyes. Milton's stomach tightened with desire as the young man folded his legs and showed hard, round thighs and powerful hips. His hands and forearms rippled with deep corded muscles as he ate his lunch.

Milton tugged on his still-damp clothes as he watched the men eat. Their food gone, the older man stripped quickly and wandered into the cool pond, the sun gleaming on his purple cock. He had long, silky black fur all down the front of his ample body. He bordered on being fat, but his body held the bulk well. Milton felt a little better about himself when he saw Morris' girth and observed how Duncan's eyes never strayed from the big moose as he waded into the water.

"Not too far, old man. I'm not gonna drag you out if you get cramps. You're too fat for me to carry," the blond hollered, then laughed.

Morris spun around, cock in hand, and pissed in Duncan's direction. Duncan hooted, dropped his apple, and ran out of range, but just barely. Then he shucked his clothes and, after laying his shiny boots on top of the neat pile, ran in after Morris and leaped gleefully onto the older man's back.

Morris bucked and heaved, but Duncan wrapped his legs around the front of Morris' legs and held tight, his heels grinding into Morris' balls. That was all it took to make Morris' fat porker slide out of its foreskin sheath and stand straight out in front of him.

Milton watched with aching desire for the blond Apollo on the older man's back. Whenever Morris spun around in the water, Duncan's flawless white buns would wave in the air. Milton whipped his cock furiously, waiting for the next spin that would rotate Duncan's golden melons in his direction.

Finally, Morris elbowed Duncan hard in the ribs, and the young man splashed into the shallow water at the pond's edge. Flat on his back, his hard-on was now visible, and his balls were swelled up tight against his thick cockshaft. Milton showered himself with cum at the sight of the turned-on blond—his second load of the day, and it wasn't even noon.

Morris teased Duncan for having a hard-on, and the blond lunged forward, grabbed the big man's dick, and pulled him down into the water. But Morris quickly got the upper hand. He turned the young man around and squeezed him in a tight bear hug. Duncan's feeble protests were laced with laughter from both men. Morris held Duncan's butt cheeks against his cock and slid it between Duncan's thighs, rubbed his cock against the back of Duncan's ballsac. He grabbed his boss's hard-on and stroked it feverishly, chewing on Duncan's thick neck muscles as he jerked the cock.

Even from across the pond, Milton could see that Duncan's attempts at escape were fraudulent. He began to sense what a tease, what a fire-starter Duncan was. As Morris held fast to the the young man's cock, it swelled even fatter. Then suddenly it erupted into the big man's hand, and that sent Morris over the edge—he shot right under Duncan's cock. Finally, after shooting his last silvery rope into the air, Duncan freed himself from

Morris' grip. He laughed, rinsed the cum off his limbs, and ran out of the pond.

"You fuckin' pig-man. I'm not one of those field hands you're always poking. I got a wife—the real thing!" But Duncan wasn't angry. He was laughing as he shouted those words.

Morris grinned back at him and shook his head as he rinsed off. Then he came out of the water and the two of them got dressed, still chuckling to each other. It occurred to Milton that getting work here might be easier than he had anticipated. This young buck was a beauty, and Milton had a better build and was better-looking all around than Morris, even if his cock wasn't half as long as the stable master's. More important, Milton had something on these men now—he knew their secret. And he was determined to have his way with the blond peacock.

By eleven o'clock that night, Milton was starved. He had decided to wait until the next morning to see about work, but his appetite was getting impatient. He had spent the rest of the day trimming his beard and hair, drying out his clothes fully, munching some wild blueberries, napping, and beating off while thinking about the magnificent blond he'd seen shooting cum into another man's hands. Between his hunger and his craving for that arrogant young body, his stomach was churning. He had to eat. Anything. Now.

He picked his way to the main farm house. All the lights were out, and the back of the house was shaded from the ice-blue moonlight by a huge sugar maple, which the cool October air had painted in flaming colors. On the back porch were a two-seater swing and several chairs. As Milton approached the door, everything remained quiet; apparently there was no dog, which seemed unusual. Somehow a back porch had to have a dog. But Milton was relieved that this one did not, since a barking canine would have prevented him from creeping across the porch and letting himself into the house through the kitchen door. He tiptoed to the refrigerator, opened it, and found it packed with food—cold chicken, corn bread, soggy leftover salad, sauerkraut, baked potatoes wrapped in foil, and two slices of blueberry pie. He found a plate and helped himself to corn bread, chicken, and sauerkraut—he'd had enough blueberries for one day—then returned to the porch and sat in the swing.

Fearing he might be caught at any moment, he practically inhaled the food, but once he was full, he let his guard down a bit. He swung back and forth, not worrying about the rhythmic creaking noise, and gazed out at the moonlit corn fields. He was so lulled by the swing and the view that he didn't hear Duncan padding into the kitchen for a midnight snack. But Duncan heard the swing. Bare-assed, the young farmer grabbed a cast-iron skillet and went to the screen door. He sensed somehow that the man in the swing meant no harm, but he thought it best not to take a chance, so he remained inside, ready to defend himself with his improvised weapon.

"Comfy out there?" he asked.

Milton stood and spun around, and then the sight of Duncan's nak-

DISCOUNT MAGAZINES

COVER PRICE $18.50 $7.50 EACH

4 for $24 All 8 - $40 ($5 each)

AS LOW AS $5 EACH

Add $1 Per Mag. Postage & Handling

Order Today While Supplies Last!

All models are 18 years of age or older.

All Male Models

WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO SUBSTITUTE MAGAZINES IF SUPPLIES RUN LOW.

Rush Your Order To:

MAGAZINE SALES

P.O. Box 8476 • DEPT. H013

UNIVERSAL CITY, CA. 91608

•FULL COLOR •FULL SIZE

☐Blondes Do It Best ☐Skin Game

☐Locker Room Fever ☐Party Boys

☐Hot Rod Summer ☐Lookin Good

☐Wild In The Woods ☐Jock Itch

I HAVE ENCLOSED $ _____

☐Cash ☐Check ☐Money Order

DON'T MISS OUT ON THIS HOT SPECIAL!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ST. _____ ZIP _____

By my signature I state that I am over 21 yrs. of age & request you to send me your brochures.

SIGNATURE (ORDER MUST BE SIGNED) _____ AGE _____

Ca. Res. add 6½% tax

ed body froze him to the wooden floor. "Sorry, I—I wanted to come see you tomorrow about work, but I—I got hungry, and, well..." He nodded at the empty plate at his feet.

Duncan walked out to the porch, arrogant as a rooster at dawn. "Can't use another man. Got enough already, maybe too many."

Milton saw that he was going to have to play his trump card right away. "I think you *can* use me. Maybe in the fields or helping you keep books. I can mend fences too, and pants, good as new. *And* I don't go in the pond right after eatin', so you won't hafta worry about *me* getting cramps." He paused for a second for emphasis, then added, "Get me?"

Duncan shivered and, without thinking about it, gripped the skillet more tightly.

Milton looked down at it. "Kinda silly-lookin' with that pan in your mitt, fella. You gonna use it?"

"What you want from me?"

Milton grinned, knowing the game was already won. "Job, food, bed, decent pay."

Duncan hissed softly. "What if I just give you some money, and help you get a job somewhere else?"

"Nope."

Duncan froze in his tracks. Finally the silence had to be broken. "I don't know what you saw, but I ain't no faggot."

Whap! Before another word could escape Duncan's lips, the top one was cut by Milton's hand hitting it. Milton stood an inch in front of Duncan's face now, his belt buckle poking into Duncan's belly, his hand clasped tightly around Duncan's wrist. He squeezed harder, and then when Duncan loosed his grip on the skillet, Milton deftly grabbed it away from him.

"If you think I walked all the lonely roads I've walked these last six months just so some snot-nosed little cock tease can tell me he ain't no faggot, then you best think again. You *ain't* no faggot, but that's for me to say. And it's for me to let you know when you've *earned* the right to call yourself one."

Milton spritzed Duncan's eyes with saliva. The younger man didn't dare to blink away.

"For now, what you're gonna do is give me a decent job and decent pay and my own room. And you're gonna be the hole I fuck when I want to, or else that wife you use as a cover—along with the whole fuckin' crew around here—is gonna know what I saw in that pond. I'm gonna plug that hole of yours whenever wifey's not around, and you're gonna suck cock good, all the way down to the root, swallowin' every inch till the fuckin' tears flow. And when you get fucked enough and you suck enough and when you get down on your knees and tell me you love me, then, sonny-boy, then I'll let you call yourself a faggot. Now, where do I sleep?"

Whap! A second slap went to Duncan's face when the young boss-man failed to answer right away.

"I got a room right here off the kitchen. For the cook. But she's gone now—my wife does the cookin'. Room's yours if you want it. I'll...I'll just tell the crew you're family in need of a job, a distant cousin or somethin'."

Milton smiled and pawed the firm, round globes of Duncan's ass. The warmth of the big hands encompassing his rear and the broad chest pressing against his own spread throughout the younger man's body, and he looked up and smiled back at the stranger who had bested him. He put his arms around Milton's waist and pulled himself in closer.

"Big man...real big man," he whispered as his cock rose between Milton's denim-clad thighs.

Milton opened his shirt and brought Duncan's lips to his fur-covered nipples. Duncan kissed them, licked, chewed. Milton licked Duncan's silken neck hairs, chewed his ears, tongued his lips.

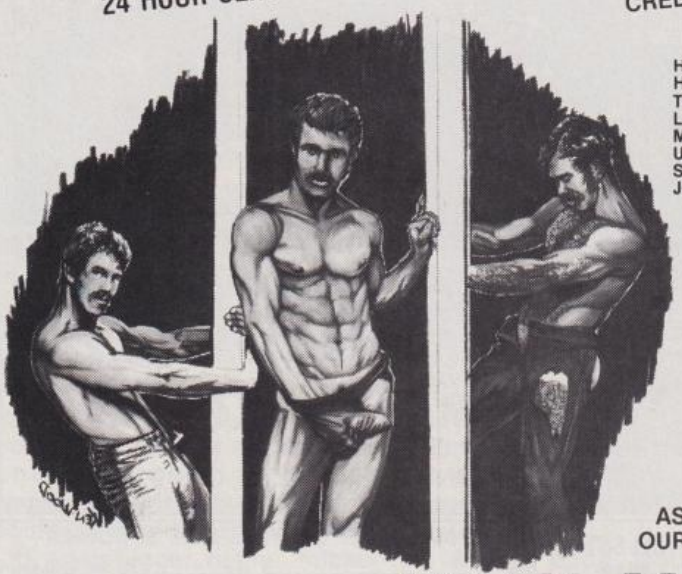
Duncan sighed softly. "Never had a real daddy. 'Least not one who'd hold me. And Morris is too easy to push around and tease. Not gonna be like that with you, huh?"

"Get your knees up on that swing and turn your butt to me," was Milton's reply.

Without questioning, without even blinking, Duncan got his knees up on the swing, gripping the supporting chains and raising his butt like a cat that's just been petted. If he could have purred, he would have. Milton bent over and

Continued to page 88

DIAL-A-DADDY (415) 821-9952
24 HOUR SERVICE
CREDIT CARDS

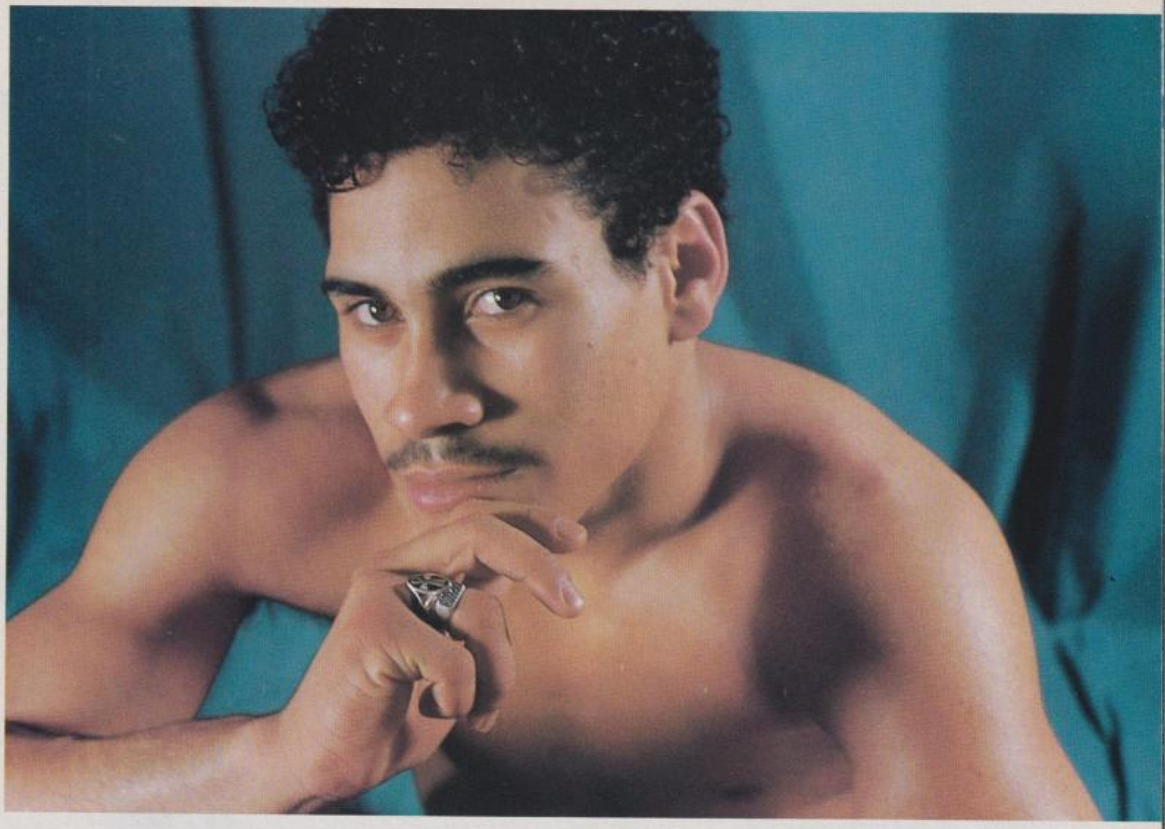


HOT TOPS
HOT COPS
TRUCKERS
LEATHER
MUSCLEMEN
UNIFORMS
SWEAT · WS
JOCK STRAPS

ASK ABOUT
OUR SPECIALS

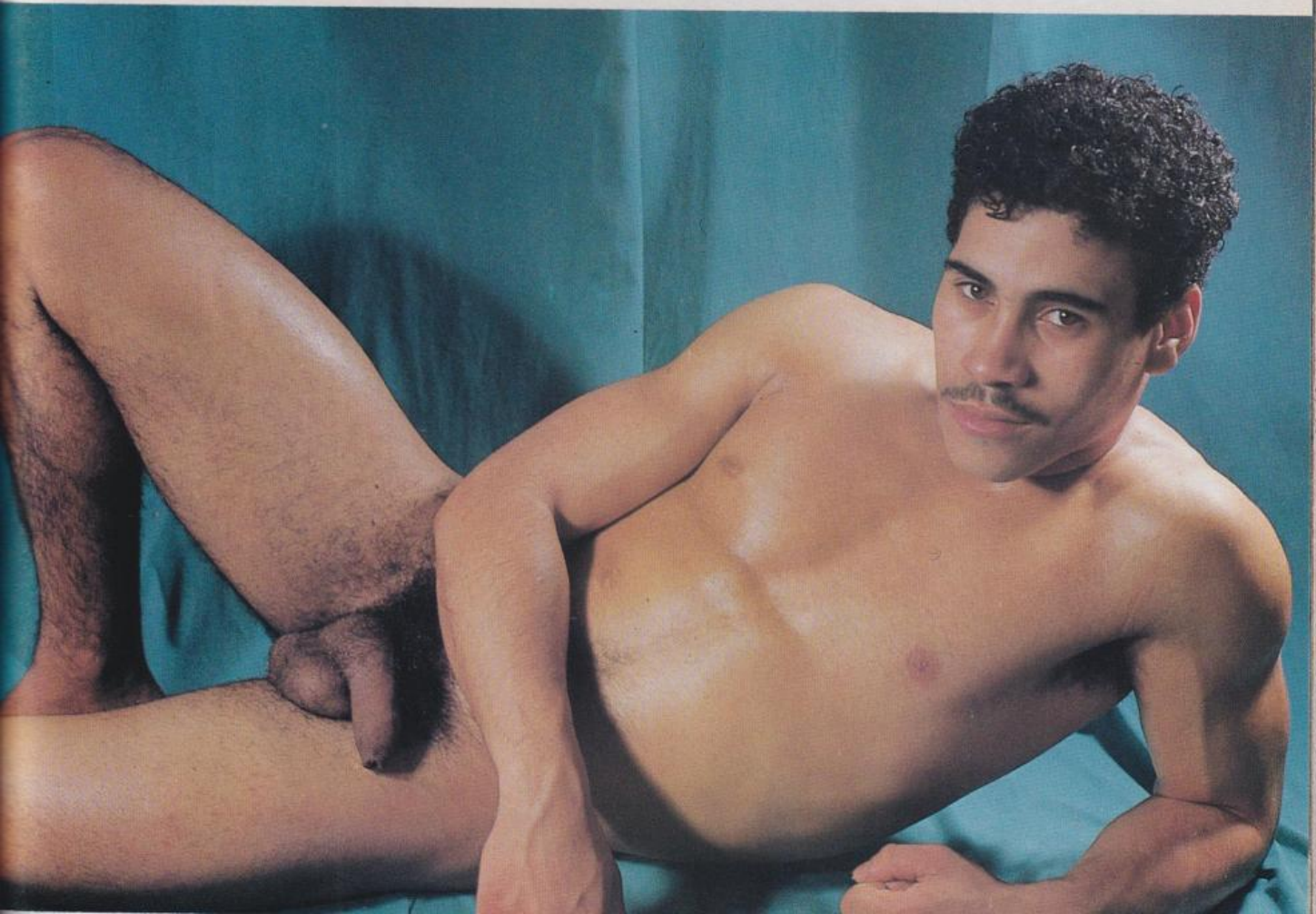
Free Callbacks Available
Frontrunners in Phone Fantasy

MEN·MEN
&MORE MEN
Must be over 18 yrs. old

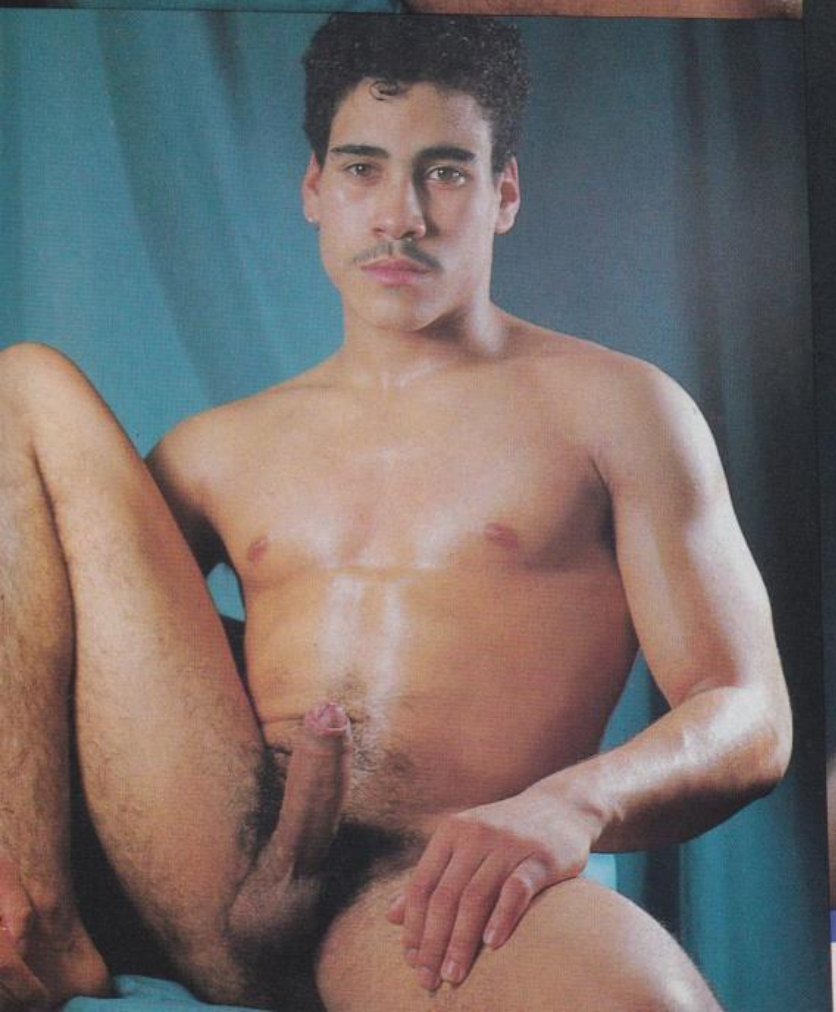


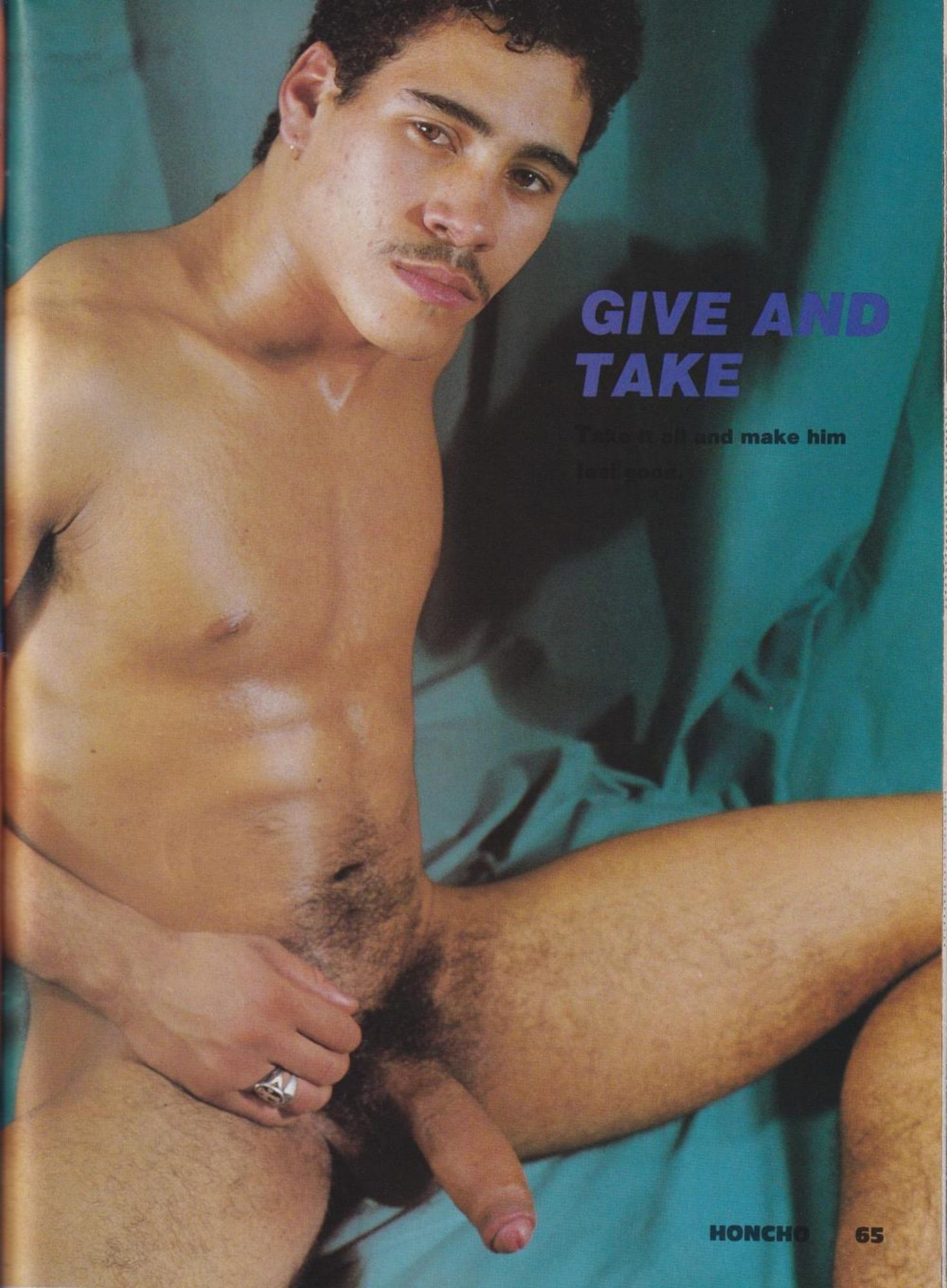
He knows that you want it.

GIVE AND TAKE



This is your big chance.





GIVE AND TAKE

Take it all and make him

AL.
PIERCE

Coy hobbled over to my chair, leaned down, and whispered in my ear. "I'll prove to you how much you mean to me." He nipped my neck and ran his hand down over my chest all the time he whispered. By the time his hand reached my hard cock, I was shaking all over.

THE GENTLING OF

COY HACKER

BY AL PIERCE
ART PIERCE

"You don't like me one fucking bit, do you?"

There was only one honest answer to that question, since the first time I met Coy Hacker I hated him on sight. We were throwing a party after the big success of our "toys for tots" drive during the Christmas holidays. My bikers' club had collected over three tons of gifts for under-privileged kids all over the state. The spring floods had wiped out several small towns and a lot of kids would have had no presents without our help.

By the way, none of us in the bike club are Hell's Angels. We wear leathers and own hogs, but we don't bite people's ears off, fight a lot, or screw everyone in sight. We're rebels, but we work within the system. Walk softly and carry a big stick—that's our motto. It was okay for T. Roosevelt, so it's okay with us.

We don't even look mean or shabby. Well, maybe a few do, but what the hell. Nobody smells too bad; we're basically clean. A lot of the guys are married and still believe it's the man who takes care of things. That includes feeding the kids and screwing like they haven't seen pussy for twenty years. The chicks in our club are among the happiest and most contented ladies you could ever hope to see. It's just one big happy family. Or at least it was till Coy Hacker joined up.

Coy is from someplace down south. He's a big, overgrown farm boy with a big, overgrown mouth that never stopped spouting nonsensical ideas.

And the bastard took over.

To make matters worse, he moved in on me when he broke his leg. I had an extra room, was single, and could afford to keep him in food and beer, so he decided I was the ideal man to take care of him. I was ready to cold-cock him before the first night was over. Jesus, his mouth never stopped, and he acted like he owned the place. First thing he did was hobble around and rip out all my biker magazine centerfolds and glue them to the bedroom walls. Then he just sat around the rest of the day—and the rest of the week—watching TV. He even talked back to the soap opera stars. Knew exactly how to solve all their shitty problems. Went on and on every night about how some bitch had screwed up some pretty boy's life and what the guy should have done to her. Believe me, it was horrible the things he came up with. He talked about the soap stars like he knew them, called them by their first names. From the way he talked I knew that deep down in his black heart he hated women.

If all that wasn't bad enough, he killed Casey and Jo Ann. Yeah, and laughed about it. I was so mad I hit him up alongside the head with a monkey wrench that I kept under my bed in case somebody decided to try and rob me. Coy thought I was just plain mean.

I'd had Casey and Jo Ann living with me almost a year. This rotten tramp pisses in the gold fish bowl and, presto, Casey and Jo Ann go to goldfish heaven. I was fit to be tied when I saw those poor little things floating belly-up in all that beer pee. It pissed me off no end. They were still young and deserved a chance in life, like anyone else.

As mean as Coy Hacker is, he knew he'd gone too far by killing my goldfish. I cut off his beer supply as well as his cooked food. Hell, he could fend for himself. It wasn't as if he was crippled for life. I told him from now on, he was on his own. No freeloading.

He exploded. "You don't like me one fucking bit, do you?" Red in the face, his eyes bugging out, he started gnashing his teeth like something in a monster movie. Kong lives!

"I think you're a freeloading slob, Coy. Hell, you got a place of your own. You oughta take care of yourself instead of drinking all my beer, ripping up my magazines,

eating my food, and killing Casey and Jo Ann. You ain't nothing but a fucking animal!"

"You mean to tell me you are gonna make me starve to death? That's inhuman."

"If I make a big pot of chili, you can have some. Otherwise, you do your own cooking. I was not put on this earth to wait on you hand and foot."

"You can't talk to me like that."

"I just did, asshole. Another thing: Take down those pussy shots. What if my Aunt Gurnie walked in and saw those open beavers? Why, that poor old lady would have a conniption and fall down in a dead faint. Take 'em down."

"You are meaner than a snake. Can't a man have any pleasure in this house?"

"I can, you can't. That's another thing: Quit jacking off all over the *TV Guide*."

"Those TV stars make me horny. Hell, they're doing it all over the place—I'm not made of wood. Why, just yesterday, these two kids were on a desert island, half dressed. Big blond with cute tits just begging this stud to plug her right there under the coconut trees."

"Aw, shit, Coy, they don't do that on TV."

"I swear they do. She rubs up against his rod, real sweet like, and sticks her tongue in his mouth, and she says—"

"I don't care what she said."

"I'm just getting to the good part. Then she reaches down—"

"Man, you're nuts. You know that? N.U.T.S."

"You could see her nipples getting stiff. Right there in living color. I tell ya she wanted it bad."

"It's no wonder you're nuts, Coy—watching all that trash. Anyway, that's no excuse for getting jizz all over the *TV Guide*. That's just pure sleaze."

"I like the soap operas. I'll watch 'em if I want to. I'm cooped up in this house all day. You go out and work, but me, hell, I'm here all day alone, nothing to do. I gotta take care of my needs somehow."

"It's not my fault if you don't have a chick of your own. If you did, I wouldn't have to put up with my place smelling like a porn-flick house. I can't put up with this, Coy. I mean it."

"Is there anything else you wanna tell me while you're still fired up. Do it now 'cause I ain't gonna go through this again. Spit it out."

"About your clothes: Can't you find a pair of pants that aren't ripped up to your crotch?"

"I did that because of the cast on my leg. It's the only way I can get 'em on."

"Hell, you did it so's you could sit and jerk off in front of the TV set. It's easier to get to."

"I did not. If I wanted to beat it, I'd get naked."

"Not in my house. I'd be sick at my stomach if I had to come to a naked man every evening. Another thing, that old jacket's got acid burns in the sleeves and looks like a fucking rag."

"It's from working on my hog."

"It's ready for the rag bag."

"It's clean."

"Okay, so it's clean, but at least put on some underwear. You hang out all the time. Turns my stomach."

"I'm not ashamed of my body."

"I'm not talking body. I'm talking cock. I'm not interested in seeing your three-piece set hanging out all over the place like a big dead fish."

"I got a good cock. It sure don't look like no dead fish. When that boy's hard, it's fucking beautiful. No wrinkles or nothing."

"I can't believe I'm in my own house talking about your cock."

"You started it. I didn't," he yelled. "You're just natural mean clear through. Here I am sick, broken leg and you come on like we ain't even friends."

"We *ain't* friends, Coy."

"Why don't you like me? Why are you so mean to me? All I need is a little attention once in a while. Is that too much to ask?"

"It is from me. Look at this place. You could at least dust the furniture, maybe have a hot meal ready when I come home from work. But no, you think I should wait on you. You ain't crippled, ya know."

Then all of a sudden it hit me. We were sounding for all the world like a married couple. I turned and walked into the kitchen, cold sweat running down my armpits. Damn, I couldn't get over it. It was terrible. For a minute I played our heated conversation over in my head. I sounded exactly like my old man. It was plain silly. Coy was six feet, two and a half inches of pure stud muscle, and he sure didn't look like any wife to me. I popped a beer, gulped it down, and reached for another. I stood there staring at the six-pack for a minute, then finally decided to give one to Coy.

His head in his hands, he was still sitting in front of the TV set. He looked so depressed I was glad I'd brought him the beer. *When he's quiet like this*, I thought, *the guy's not bad-looking. Kinda like a veteran fresh out of the Marines. Bluest eyes I've ever seen on a man. Broad shoulders. All that solid muscle. God, why haven't I noticed how good-looking he is before? Maybe because he's always giving orders or bitching or laughing too loud. Big feet, light-blond hair, hairy legs. Rock-hard belly, big pecs. He looks like a little boy sulking because he can't have a cookie.*

I was feeling like his daddy—one hell of a *strange* feeling, I'll tell ya.

"Where'd you get your tattoo?" I asked, pointing at the snake-and-skull on his right bicep.

"Marines. I was only eighteen. You gonna get mean about that too?"

"How old are you now?"

"Twenty-three. How about you?"

"I'm a hot thirty."

"You still hot at thirty? I kinda wonder about that."

"There you go. Putting me down again. Sure I'm hot. I get all the pussy I can handle."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"That's nice. What's wrong with me? Am I ugly?"

"No."

"Then how come you score an' I don't? Tell me that."

"Nothing's wrong with you that some humble pie wouldn't cure."

"I can't control myself. I like girls so I come on all strong and macho. But they split. How come?"

"'Cause macho is a lot of things, but it don't mean you gotta come on like Conan. I don't think you know a fucking thing about being gentle."

"Gentle? I'm gentle."

"You go around like a bull in heat,

ONLY THE BEST!

2 NEW VIDEOS FEATURING BLACK STUDS

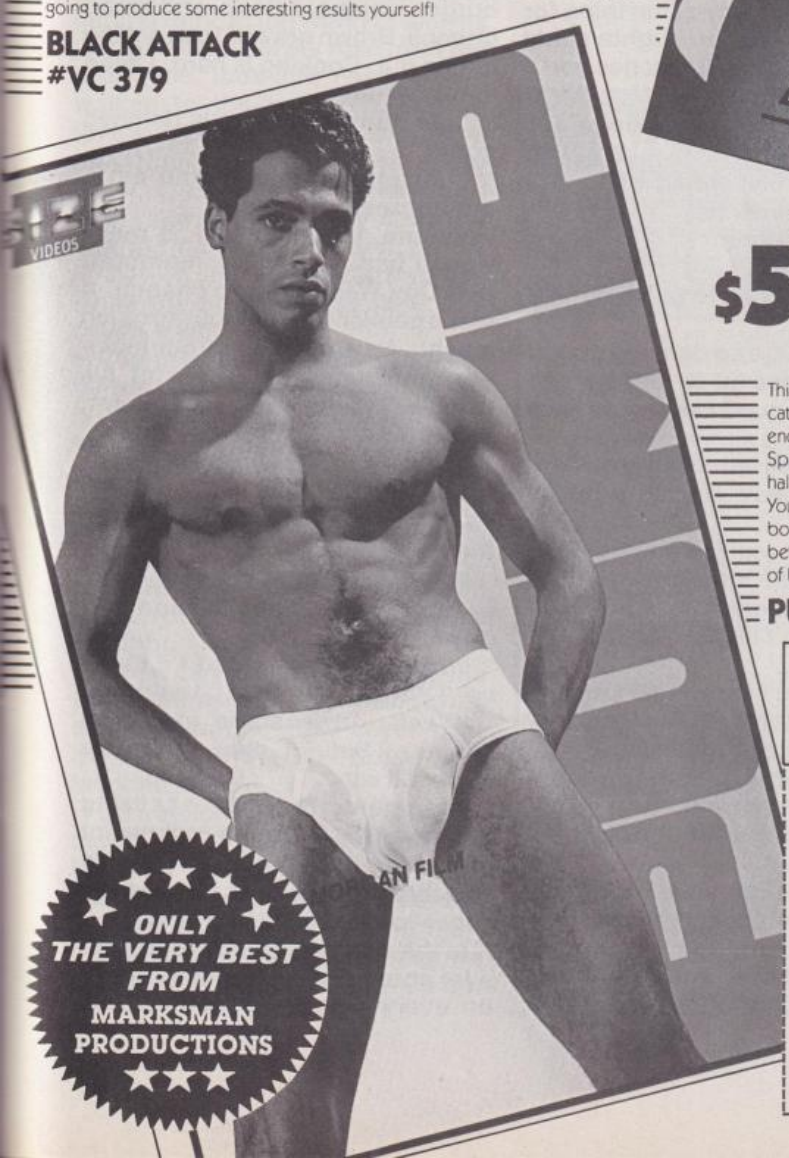
IF YOU WANT YOUR MEN BIG, BLACK & HUNG, WE'VE GOT 'EM!

...and they're fantastic!

All black! All good-looking! All hung to the max! For the man who thinks he's seen everything, here's an eye-popping glimpse into the big-time, big-money world of models and photographers in the throws of producing an all black pin-up calendar. The right face (or ass, in this case) can either make or break the new venture. But success is virtually guaranteed when Martin's traffic-stopping good looks and heart-stopping endowment land in front of the camera. This fantastic all black cast — nine of the most exciting men we've ever seen — is ready, willing and very able to produce the right results...and the results get squirted all over the set. If you love black men the way we love black men, you're going to produce some interesting results yourself!

BLACK ATTACK #VC 379

ONLY **$59.00** EACH



...and they're sexy!

This kid is hot! When you see Brad Stone squirt buckets of cum, you'll have to pause to catch your breath...he just doesn't stop! With dark good looks, bright blue eyes and enough cock to go around twice, he points his red convertible in the direction of Palm Springs for some fun in the sun. Three sensational black dudes, four horny blonds, half-and-half Brad, and a cuddly brunette make this one of the best films we've seen yet. You won't soon forget watching big-cocked and blond Cory Monroe getting stuffed at both ends with the giant pricks of two very hunky young black guys. There's plenty of sex between blacks and blonds and Brad seems to get most of it...after all, he's got the best of both worlds! Order it right now.

PUMP #VC 388

ONLY THE VERY BEST FROM MARKSMAN PRODUCTIONS

SAVE $8.00

ORDER BOTH FOR ONLY $55.00 EACH

MARKSMAN PRODUCTIONS P.O. BOX 7836-M, VAN NUYS, CA 91409

☐ **Yes!** Please send ☐ BLACK ATTACK #VC 379 $59. ☐ PUMP #VC 388 $59.
☐ BOTH VIDEO FILMS $55 EACH.
☐ VHS ☐ BETA Shipping $3 Each. California Residents Add 6% Sales Tax.

Amount Enclosed _____ ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Charge ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD. Exp. Date _____

Card Number _____

Signature _____
"I hereby state that I am over 21 years of age and desire to receive sexually oriented material for my own personal use."

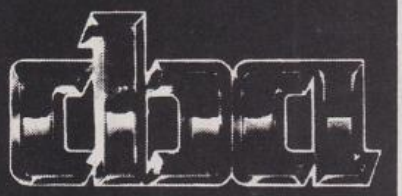
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please send brochures only. I have enclosed $5.

dba
From the abc's
to the xyz's
in effective
advertising.
Reaching the gay
marketplace.
Benefitting
all!



DON BEAVERS
ADVERTISING

7985 Santa Monica Blvd.
Suite 109/119
West Hollywood, CA 90046

(213) 969-8034
or
(213) BEA-VERS

jumping on everyone—that ain't gentle, asshole."

"I ain't one for romance."

"That's the whole problem. Loosen up. Be gentle. Touch, don't grab. Guys like you ain't very secure in their manhood."

"What the fuck's that supposed to mean? You calling me a fag?"

"No, Coy, I ain't calling you a fag. I just mean you should be gentle and not go running around like you gotta fuck everything in sight. Ladies like to be courted a little."

"You mean, take 'em a six-pack and candy and stuff?"

"I'd skip the six-pack. The candy's a nice touch though."

"That the truth?"

"Yeah, sure it is. Know how horses are—lady horses? They need to be gentled. Ever see two horses mate? The man horse gets the lady horse hot, nips her neck, rubs against her, and talks to her in horse talk. By the time that man horse gets her turned on, that lady horse would do any damn thing for that man horse. You oughta study nature more, Coy. It teaches you a lot."

"Does the man horse lie to get her pussy?"

"How the hell would I know? I don't know horse talk."

"I'll bet he does."

"Does what?"

"Lie to her. Just to get a piece of ass."

"Coy, you are so damned dumb. Maybe he does lie to her, but the point is, he's good to her. She likes that."

"I always tell 'em I love 'em. Madly in love. I saw that in a movie once."

"Does that really work, Coy?"

"Maybe one time in fifty. The others just laughed."

"Then don't lie. Be good to 'em. But don't lie."

"Well, I don't know. I ain't romantic, I guess. Maybe I'll just go crazy beating off and forget pussy."

"Beating off won't drive ya crazy, Coy. It keeps ya sane."

"Yeah, sure. I'll bet you don't have to do it."

"Sure, I do. Everyone does. Even married guys. Look, I'm tired, Coy. I'm going to bed."

"Can I have another beer, please?"

"Get it yourself," I barked, but there was no denying I was impressed by the good manners.

"I'll pay you for it. I promise."

"You don't have to pay me for it, Coy. But you do hafta get it yourself."

Coy rose from the chair and hobbled into the kitchen. I heard him pop a top, and I had to smile. As he hobbled back to the bedroom, I watched him making his way to the TV set. If that guy would only straighten up and fly right, no girl in her right mind could resist Coy Hacker. I went to bed and drifted into a troubling dream that had Coy and me all tangled up like one body, half horse, half man.

The next evening I walked into the house and immediately smelled food cooking. I found Coy in the kitchen, a bath towel wrapped around his waist like an apron. He was checking the oven.

"What's going on, Coy?"

"Look. I made a meat loaf. Hamburger, onions, catsup, and bread crumbs. Brown gravy if I can get the lumps out. Cooking is hard. I been at this all day."

"I'm surprised. Smells damned good."

"Carrots and peas. Found 'em in the freezer."

We ate. It wasn't bad. It really wasn't bad. And I was impressed that Coy was trying to change. It was a gentler Coy, without so much macho. He smiled all through dinner, and those blue eyes of his twinkled like lights in a snow storm.

"Apple pie for dessert."

"You baked an apple pie?"

"Frozen, but I baked it, and I added some cinnamon. Might call it humble pie."

By the time I left that table, I was as full as a tick. I had to hand it to Coy.

"You go sit down and I'll clean up. TV's good tonight," I said.

"Yeah, game starts in fifteen minutes. But I'll help you. You wash, I'll wipe."

I was weary, but I sure was liking this new Coy Hacker a helluva lot more than the old one. Every now and then I'd look over and see the eager-to-please little boy in him.

In the next two weeks I found out a lot about Coy. We talked on and on every night. I discovered his

macho shit was nothing but a cover-up for shyness.

"I like ya, Coy."

"You really do? It'd mean a lot to me if a man like you liked me."

"I really do."

"That ain't no horse talk now?"

"I promise it ain't, Coy."

"I want to tell ya something. I gotta whisper it. I can't say it out loud."

"What the hell... "

Coy hobbled over to my chair, leaned down, and whispered in my ear. I sat there stunned, not just by what he'd said but by the fact that I was springing a boner. I had to be very quiet to hear his words. The last thing I remember was his warm breath on my ear and the words, "No horse lie. I promise I can be gentle. No macho shit. I'll prove to you how much you mean to me." He nipped my neck and ran his hand down over my chest all the time he whispered. By the time his hand reached my hard cock, I was shaking all over.

And yet it seemed the most natural thing in the world to feel his lips on mine. I slowly rose from the chair and took his hand as we walked to the bedroom. Making love with Coy Hacker was one of the most fulfilling experiences of my life. It was natural and it was easy. I won't horse lie and say it wasn't strange to both of us at first, but we let nature take it's course as it has since the beginning of time. Between men.

Coy proved to me, as well as to himself, that the macho image we both have is kinda outdated. With each other, neither of us took without giving. Neither of us wanted to. It was mutual pleasuring and no games. We knew what we were gonna do in that bedroom and we did it. By the time we fell asleep in each other's arms, it was almost daylight.

When Coy left to go back to his place, minus the cast, I missed him all the time. One night I even beat off all over the *TV Guide* and laughed as I did.

On weekends, Coy calls and asks me to come to his place for meat loaf and "humble pie." Afterwards we make love. It gets sweeter and sweeter all the time.

Every Wednesday evening we watch a nighttime soap opera. Blame Coy. He got me hooked. He fills me up with good grub and then when my belly is full, he turns on the set. It's one habit I can't break him of, nor myself either.

On this show we watch, there's this one lady that's real nice and another one that's fucking-A bad. She's a greedy bitch, kinda over the hill, but she's still fucking around like a biker slut, only wearing a different dress for every nasty thing she does. She says, "Oh, a murder. I must change my frock." And damned if she doesn't.

Coy says I'm a ring-tailed stud-fucker after that show. I guess it's because that rich slut gets me so fired up that I take it out on him. He says he likes it, but I swear to you I remember to be gentle the second and third times.

That's no horse lie. ■

YOU CHOOSE

From Thousands Through
NATIONAL CONTACT NETWORK®
America's Largest
Introduction Service
Make contact Immediately by phone or mail

Find the "right lover" for a nighttime or a lifetime. Make contact with bright, aware, healthy, discrete men and women. All 50 states, Canada and Mexico

Call NCN now! (24 hrs.)
In New York (212) 689-3653
Outside NYC call toll free 1-800-833-7887
or Rush Coupon For Free Info Pak and Application

NCN 175 Fifth Ave., Suite 3269 H
New York, N.Y. 10010

Name_____ Age_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Phone_____ Sex: M____ F____

AT LAST

TAN WITHOUT THE SUN!

FREE OPPORTUNITY—SAVE TODAY!
✓✓ NO MORE COOKING IN THE SUN!
✓✓ NO MORE BLISTERING OR PEELING!
✓✓ NO MORE PALE SKIN!
✓✓ DARKENS "NATURAL" TANS!!

TAN ALL YEAR-ROUND!

YOU know you will look healthy, energetic and attractive with a tan. Friends compliment you. Strangers envy you. Everyone will be attracted to you.

SPECIAL EUROPEAN FORMULAE
ABSOLUTELY SAFE...IT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

CANTHAXANTHIN 30mgs. and **BETA CAROTENE 3mgs.**, the active natural organic ingredients in **FRENCH BRONZE TABLETS™**, are safer than the UV radiation from the sun. There is **no risk** of damage or aging to your skin! It is used extensively in the foods you eat, and has been approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration as a food coloring.

BEST 'TANNING PILL' AVAILABLE TODAY!

CANTHAXANTHIN and BETA CAROTENE, the ideal formula, has no by-products of animal fat and bone as capsules do. It is being used by millions in Europe and Canada for tanning purposes, and is approved by the European and Canadian equivalents of the U.S.F.D.A.

WORKS GREAT!

Just take 2 **FRENCH BRONZE TABLETS™** two times a day for 2 weeks and maintain your tan with 2 tablets daily.

UNCONDITIONAL 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

If you are **ever** dissatisfied return the bottle and you will receive your refund promptly. We at **FRENCH BRONZE TABLETS™** stand behind our product 100%.

ORDER TODAY!

FAST 1st CLASS 24-HOUR DELIVERY
UNLIKE COMPETITORS, WE PAY POSTAGE & HANDLING!

CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-453-4001, and
YOU ARE ON YOUR WAY TO GETTING YOUR NATURAL LOOKING GOLDEN BRONZE TAN!!!

*CLIP COUPON, FILL OUT AND ENCLOSE IN ENVELOPE

YES I WILL HAVE MY GOLDEN TAN 3 WEEKS FROM TODAY... I AM ORDERING NOW!

Please rush me **FRENCH BRONZE TABLETS.™** For your convenience
Call Toll Free, 1-800-453-4001, 24 HOURS A DAY

SPECIAL PRICE! LIMITED TIME OFFER!

Your Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____
__ Check __Money Order __M/C __VISA
(NO C.O.D.'s, Please) (U.S. FUNDS ONLY)
Credit Card No. _____
Exp. Date _____ *NY residents please add 8¼% sales tax.
We ship 1st Class within 24 hours of your order. We pay postage & handling.

☐ (80 Tablets) ~~$24.95~~ (Save $8.00) $16.95
☐ (160 Tablets) ~~$44.95~~ (Save $16.00) $28.95
☐ (240 Tablets) ~~$64.50~~ (Save $21.55) $42.95
☐ (400 Tablets) ~~$94.95~~ (Save $37.00) $57.95

MAIL TO:
FRENCH BRONZE TABLETS™
210 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK N.Y. 10010
1-800-453-4001

DEAR DADDY:

Here's your chance to tell Richard Locke what's up and how it got that way. Send your questions to: Honcho, Dear Daddy, 462 Broadway, 4th floor, New York, New York 10013.

BY RICHARD LOCKE
PHOTOS MALEXPRESS

Dear Daddy:

I have a boyfriend who has trouble reaching orgasm. Sometimes he is still going at it four hours after we start making love. He cock is rather small so my thinking is that there is not enough friction to get him off sooner. What can I do to make more friction.

On My back For Hours

Dear On My Back:

(This question came to me by phone and fortunately I was able to ask questions so that I could get to the bottom of the problem. Through questioning I finally found out that there was very little communication between them.)

I assume that the time period is quite alright with your boyfriend, only because it sounds great to me, and that you are quite uncomfortable and sometimes in pain. My answer is short but simple. Use more grease. "Hey sucker, pull out and let me grease it up a bit."

We all take sex too seriously and forget to communicate with each other. Sometimes it is a simple embarrassment to talk truthfully. I have often thought of God as being cruel to give John Holmes so much and others so little. I wish there could be a way to be more diplomatic about this problem. Many people are very sensitive about their endowment. If it's really important for a person to have a big cock then I say: "Go out and get one. There is a big cock on every street corner. It doesn't have to be yours, you know!"

I know it's difficult for some people to believe but I have been on the bottom occasionally (is that an understatement?) and I have had very good times with small cocks, but there have been times in my experience when a little cock did cause damage. The little guys are sometimes so intent on giving their manhood that they make short, little, quick jabs that can cause tears in the flesh. When this begins I stop him and soothingly and with little white lies I help him get to a more stable position, slow him down a bit, and then grease everything. Always use more than you need. I also suggest that you read books on "taoist sex methods." If you intend to spend time with this guy who evidently likes marathon sex then you will have to learn "how" to enjoy marathon sex. Look for a book called THE TAO OF LOVE AND SEX by Jolan Change and then read the chapter in my book [In The Heat of Passion] on the VALLEY OF ORGASM.

Dear Daddy:

I have lost my best friend. He is not my lover, just a friend who doesn't approve of me now that AIDS is here. I always play safe but I'm promiscuous. He has always wanted a monogamous relationship. I realize that I can't change but he doesn't. I miss him a lot.

Lonely in SF

Dear Lonely:

Your letter reminded me of a graffiti I saw in Hamburger Mary's in Lahaina, Maui. "My best friend ran off with my wife. I sure do miss him." All joking aside, either one is not worth the energy rip-off, and like the guy in the joke, you're better off without your best friend.

With AIDS in our midst it's great to see old friends, but we have all had to make new friends to replace those who have left us. We are social animals and need to have our friends with us. We have all had some hard lessons to learn about friendships. Rainy day friends come out when it's raining and those are the friendships that are cherished. You are to be commended that you didn't lose your perspective to keep a so-called friend.

Remember, whether it's one or a thousand condoms that you use, you can't trust the insidiousness of the AIDS virus. It's not Who (one or a thousand), When (after breakfast?), Why (we all know why), Where (in the kitchen?), or What (some think it's little green monkeys), its HOW you do it.

Life, at best, will find those times when we feel our hearts break from a love affair, or affairette, or the disappointment that comes when we become close to people and they dump on us. We are lonely for a while but then somebody shows up, offers a shoulder, or whatever, and we're off and rolling again.

Dear Daddy:
I saw you in *LA Tool and Die*. You were great. Did you rehearse a lot?
Sonny

Dear Sonny:
I have the same answer for you as I do fagbashers who yell "COCK-SUCKER" from the safety of their passing automobile. "You'd better believe it."

Dear Daddy:
My lover and I would like to go out and enjoy ourselves in a night club type of atmosphere where there is entertainment. The problem is we would like to go to a gay place but all we find are gay cruise bars. Is there anything else? Do we have a choice?
Where to go in San Francisco

Dear Where To Go:
I'm glad you asked. Years ago when I first came out we could go to the Gilded Cage and watch Charles Pierce and Rio Dante for the price of a beer, 65 cents. Now you know how many years ago it was. In North Beach there was, I believe, a club called the 457 Club where Ann Welden got her start and then the premiere Gay Club called the Black Cat. In

those days there were drag shows in the bad or worse categories, but then you could always find some very good shows if you had just a little patience.

But times have changed and in the entertainment section of the gay papers of today we find the Theater Rhinoceros, The Campus Theater, and some special shows at Sutter's Mill and the piano bars such as the Mint and some others on Polk Street. But night clubs are rare.

There is 22 Belden downtown, where on Wednesdays there is an open mike and most anything can happen. You will find John Trowbridge on the piano with Katy Bell Collins as the Mistress of Ceremonies. My friend John Lusk sings there on occasion. I enjoyed the show very much. It's a bit intimate, which I like, but the staging, while not atrocious, leaves a lot to be desired. The entertainment is good. Katy Bell really doesn't need the mike. She has the ability to really belt out a tune. John Trowbridge helps to pull the talent out of the singers as well as play a good straight man for the person at the mike. This all begins just a little too early to call it a night club. The open mike begins at 5:00 P.M., in time to get the guppies on their way home from work. There is a parking garage nearby for those with automobiles. Just head for the east side of the Bank of America building.

Dear Daddy:

I have noticed that some people are using vaseline as a lubricant with latex condoms. I know it's a very popular lubricant as my parents always had vaseline in their night stands. I know it is difficult to tell them not to use it but sometimes it is the only lubricant around.

Slick'n Greasy

Dear Slick'n Greasy:

Coco Channel said, "Always look your best, you never know who you are going to meet." I say: "Always be prepared, you never know who you are going to meet." Have the proper lubricant and spermicide in your own pocket and don't rely on the other guy to have his shit together. Most people learn by example and in this you can lead an exemplary life.

One of the reasons condoms are listed as only possibly safe is that latex condoms are fragile. Condoms become useless when used with petroleum products, they come off, and they break. To reduce risk one should use a spermicide (nonoxynol 9); some condoms come packaged in a spermicide, in case one of the above occurs while having intercourse.

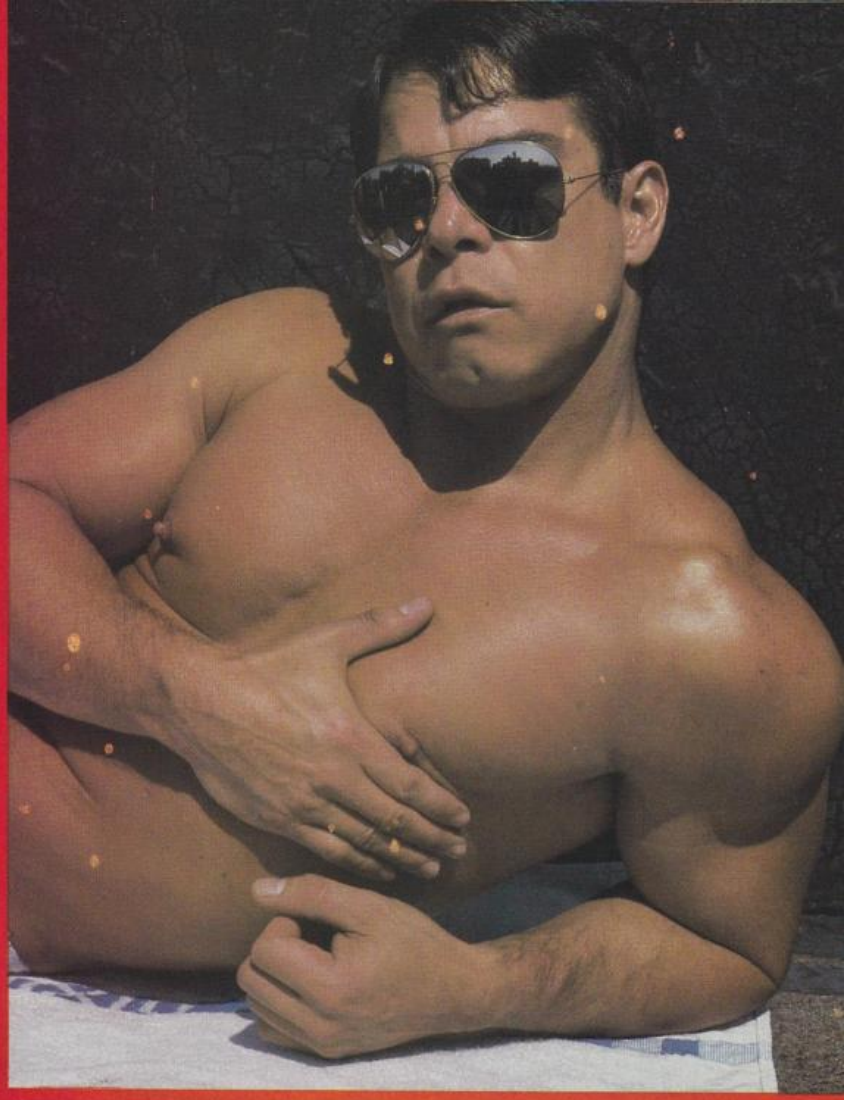
If vaseline is preferred, a sheep gut condom, with the brand names of "Fourex" or "Kling Tite" can be used. Again, to reduce risk a spermicide is recommended. Spermicide can be found in all pharmacies. Ask the pharmacist if you have any questions about the use of spermicide or condoms. If you are afraid of someone overhearing the conversation and the embarrassment of such questions remember that the person overhearing the conversation may learn something that will save both your lives.

WEAR CONDOMS
WE'RE SAVING
OUR OWN
LIVES

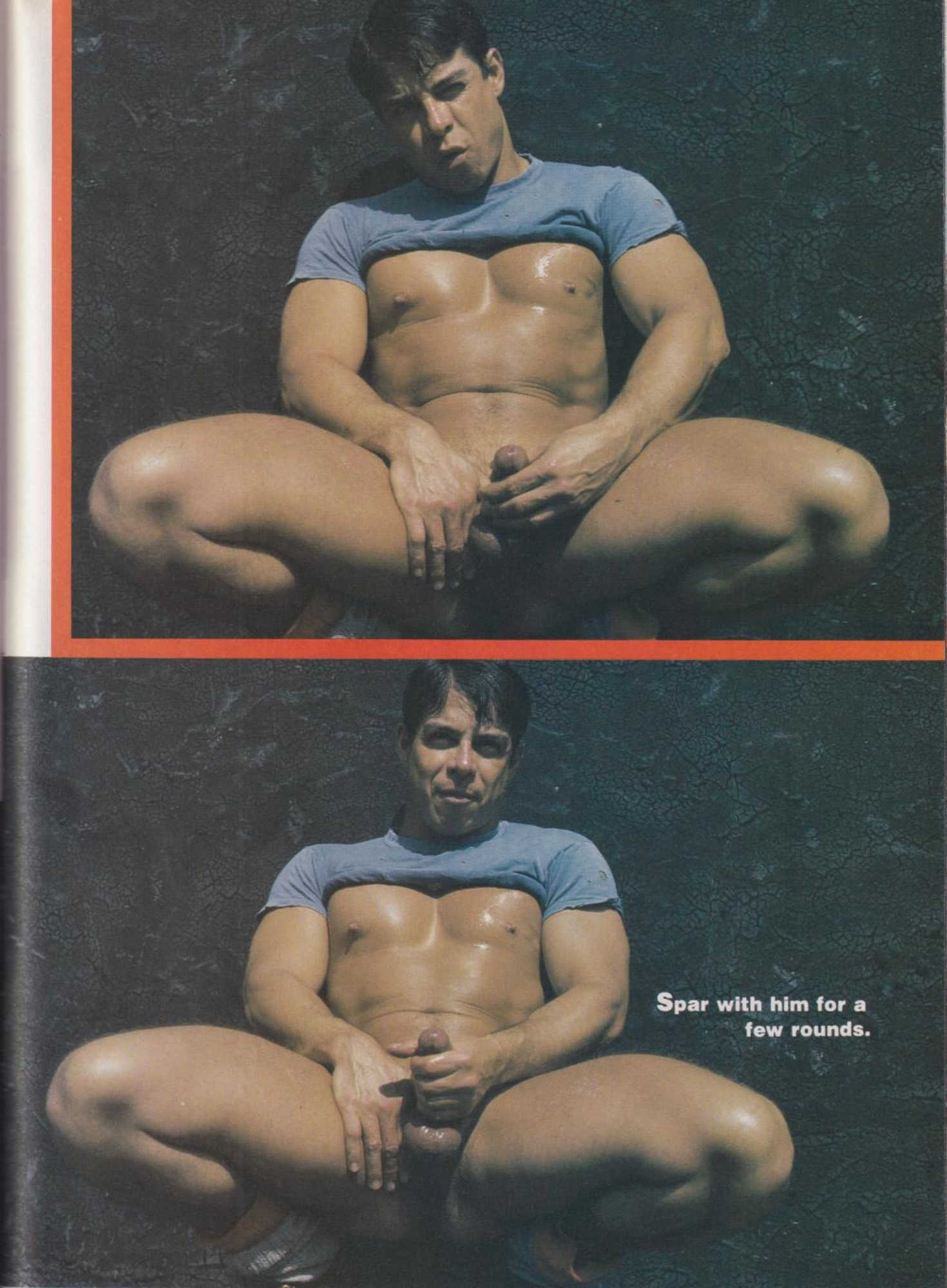
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MALEXPRESS STUDIOS

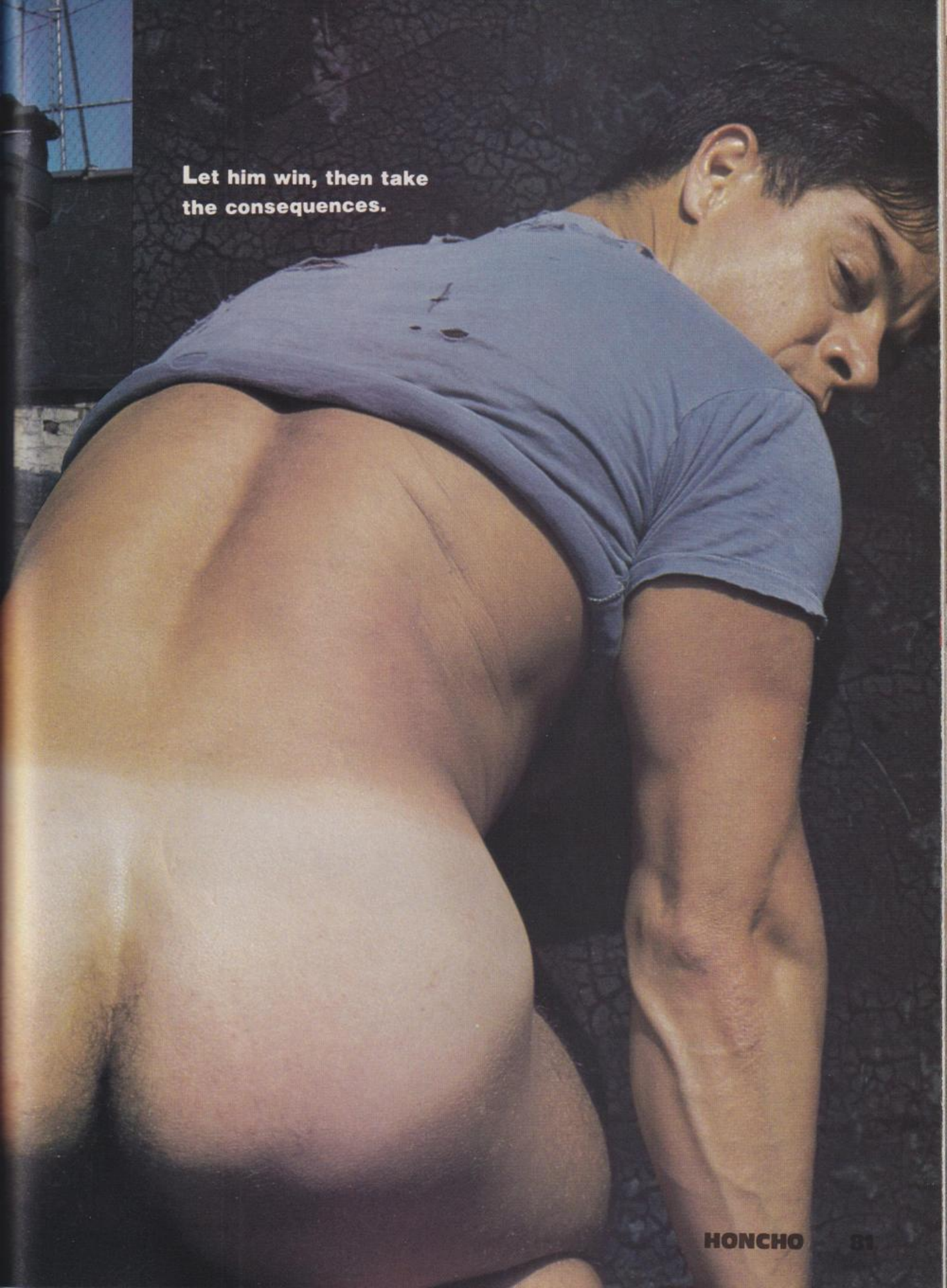
DARE ME

You *know* this guy has the upper hand.



DARE ME


Spar with him for a
few rounds.


Let him win, then take
the consequences.

NOW, WHEREVER YOU ARE
WITH A TOUCH-TONE PHONE

YOU'RE ALWAYS IN REACH
NEVER BE ALONE AGAIN!

This service is equally accessible from any touch-tone phone *anywhere* in the 50 states, plus the U.S. Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico! Have your Visa or Mastercard ready.

LOOK AT YOUR CHOICES:

1. Conference with up to 8 hot guys!
2. One-on-one private conversation with Manscan!
3. VIDEOPHONE information
4. Leave messages on the Bulletin Board
5. Listen to messages on the Bulletin Board

95¢ PER MINUTE — STAY ON AS LONG AS YOU WANT UP TO ONE-HALF HOUR

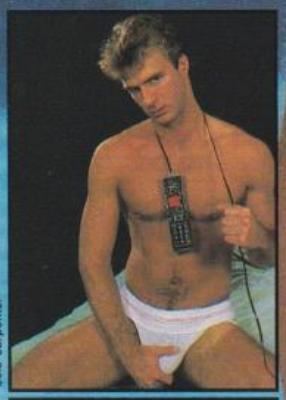
VIDEOPHONE!

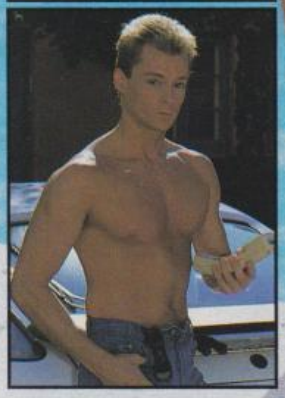
NOW you can SEE the person you are talking to WHILE you are talking to them!

for ordering info call

1-800-666-2637

9-5 WEEKDAYS - PACIFIC TIME





Cole Carpenter

1-800 777 MEET

1-800-777-6338

CHARGES WILL APPEAR DISCREETLY ON YOUR CREDIT CARD BILL AS "SYSTEM 800 INTERNATIONAL"

SKIN BURN

Continued from page 12

"Swallow it! Suck it out!"

I had no choice. I drank down half his salty load before my cock went into spasms and spurted cum against the side of the bed. I sucked until his cock was like putty, and then he pushed me away and closed his eyes as if he were sleeping.

Trembling, I cleaned up the mess. I was exhausted, and my mind was whirling. I could barely hold the razor to finish shaving him. But I had to.

When I got him up on all fours to shave his ass, immediately he got hard again. From behind, he looked like a boar, with those huge dangling balls, and I found myself sniffing them. Although I felt guilty and sick over what I'd already done, now I wanted to lick and nuzzle his nuts, then take another suck on his gristly cock. Instead I concentrated fiercely on my job and finished prepping him in what must have been record time. I left him lying there with a hard-on under his hospital gown. Minutes later, I jacked off in the rest room.

I didn't sleep for a week. I knew what we'd done had been stupid, dangerous. It shouldn't have happened—not there in the hospital. We could have been caught. Or what if he had second thoughts and decided to report me?

When I found out he'd been discharged I was relieved. I calmed down a bit, but I still had trouble getting to sleep. I couldn't get the image of his big, uncut cock out of my mind. Whenever I closed my eyes, I could smell it, taste it, feel it bucking in my mouth and spurting cum. I'd lie awake jacking off, licking my own cum off my fingers and pretending it was his. I berated myself for not sucking him off again while I had the chance. I knew I'd never get to suck his cock again—or any other cock, for that matter—not shy me, not in this town.

But I was wrong.

Three weeks to the night after that first encounter, just when I was beginning to get over him, I found him waiting for me in the parking lot as I was leaving work at eleven P.M. I had stepped out the employees' exit and was heading for the bike rack when he pulled up alongside me in a shiny black Lincoln. I didn't recognize him at first, but when I did, I almost shit in my pants.

He hummed down his window and said, "Well, get in."

My heart was slamming as I slid in beside him. Then without another word, he took off. I couldn't think of anything intelligent to say, and he didn't seem interested in conversation, so we drove in silence. Soon we were out of town, cruising along the back roads. My cock was a throbbing rattlesnake in my pants, but despite my excitement I was afraid. Where was he taking me and what did he have in mind?

"Where're we going?' I finally blurted.

"Nice moon," he said, not looking at me. Then he switched off the headlights.

The moon was bright enough to read by, so he had no problem driving. I bit my fingernails and watched the moonlit trees slide past. I knew enough not to ask him again where we were going.

A few minutes later, he turned off onto a side road that led into a dense forest. The trees were so close that their branches clawed at the windows, and he turned the headlights back on. As we bounced along the ruddy dirt road, I rubbed shoulders with him a few times. Finally, we emerged from the trees into the mouth of an immense, open-pit quarry. He cut the motor and told me to get out.

Rock walls towered around us. Water-filled pits in the quarry floor gleamed in the moonlight. It was an old, long-abandoned quarry, and dead quiet. His voice echoed hauntingly when he told me to take off my clothes. He undressed with me, then threw a blanket on the ground and told me to spread it out.

As I crawled on all fours, spreading out the corners of the blanket, the night air licked at my ass and balls. I crouched at his feet and slid up his legs, getting hot lube on my forehead as I buried my nose between his nuts. I licked his nuts clean, then grabbed his cock and stuffed it in my mouth. I sucked like a calf.

In a few minutes, I almost had him coming, but then he pushed me away and ordered me to lie face-up on the blanket. I stretched out before him, and he laid his foot on my chest, toed my nipples and armpits, then made me lick his toes.

"Pull up your legs," he said. "Show me your pretty ass."

I pulled my knees to my chest, and he rubbed his spit-wet toes between my ass cheeks and up under my balls. He got down on the blanket in front of me and started greasing up his cock.

I knew what he was going to do, but I wanted it, knew I couldn't live without it. My asshole was itching inside. I needed his big dick to scratch it.

When he slipped his thumb up my asshole, I almost came. I got even hotter when he twisted his thumb this way and that and said, "Tell me you want it, baby. Say you want it."

I squirmed. My toes clutched. "I want it. Please, do it!"

Smirking, he got up on his knees and rubbed his cock between my ass cheeks. I couldn't stop squirming. I reached for my cock, but he wouldn't let me touch it. He pressed his cockhead to my asshole, shoved, and, with a growl, forced all nine inches inside me.

Writhing, I pushed at him with all my strength. "Take it out! Take it out!"

"Hot baby!" He crushed me with all his weight, and ground his cock ever deeper. "Hot bitch!" He laughed and kept on screwing.

Suddenly the pain melted away and my cock surged with pleasure. I'd never felt anything like it. I ground against him as hard as he ground down on me. My cock fucked his belly. He stuck his tongue down my throat, and I rammed mine down his.

In seconds we were both over the brink. I saw his eyes glaze over and felt his cock flex inside me. Then his cum started shooting up my asshole. My eyes rolled back, and, squeezing him between my legs, I brought myself off against his belly, cum running down my sides like melted butter.

Before we left for home, he

fucked me again, this time dog-style, with me up on on my hands and knees and him humping me from behind. I shot off all over the blanket when he came inside me, and on the drive back to town, I could feel his cum trickling from my well-reamed asshole.

From then on, we met at least twice a week. He'd pick me up after work and take me out to the quarry. When winter came, he moved us to a warehouse he owned. Our sex was always the same. I blew him or got fucked by him or both. I didn't mind. I found out he was married and had fathered six kids, all of them older than me. He ran an auto-parts distribution business, which he'd opened after his retirement from the Army. He was a respected man in the community. Nobody knew about his secret life.

As for my orderly job, I held it for three full years. The pay was laughable, but the fringe benefits more than made up for the wages. I prepped a lot of men during those three years, and I sucked a lot of cock. ■

LOOKING FOR A LOVER?

A friend, or just someone to talk to? Make contact thru America's Largest social contact club with Thousands of members in ALL 50 STATES & CANADA. Meet compatible people IMMEDIATELY by phone or by mail (if you prefer) in your AREA or when traveling Thruout the U.S.

NATIONAL CONTACT NETWORK®
All Areas • All Types • All Ages
Complete discretion assured!
Call toll free now! 24 Hrs.

In New York (212) 689-3653
Nationwide 800-833-7887

Or Rush Coupon For Free Info Pak!

NCN 175 Fifth Ave., Suite 3269 MD New York, N.Y. 10010

Name_____ Age_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Phone_____ Sex: M____ F____

THE MOVING MAN

I wanted to feel Carlos' body all over. I kneaded his thighs, his shoulders, his terrifically built-up pecs. I pumped his cock, squeezed his balls, sucked his tits.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

the lubricant.

"Jack me off. I'm gonna come on your tits," I said as if I owned him—and at that point, I think I did.

He reached up, grabbed my balls in one hand, and started stroking my pecker with the other. Long, slow strokes always do me in, and this time was no exception. Before I could stop myself, my cock began to shoot. We both were surprised at the amount of jizm I put out, but I wasn't ready to quit.

"Don't stop," I rasped.

He kept stroking, and I had another orgasm, spewing all over his chest, nipples, shoulders, and stomach, even his hair.

Then it was his turn. He lay on his back with that proud cock of his waving up at me, and I fell eagerly to my task. I kissed him, swapping spit and fingering his erect nipples to increase his passion. It worked. I squirted more oil onto his prick, balls, and stomach, then knelt beside him like a servant, cupped his balls in one hand, and stroked his meat with the other. He reached up, grabbed onto one of my nipples like a little baby, and playfully tugged and pinched it as I brought him closer and closer to climax.

Suddenly his legs began to quiver, and, growling through clenched teeth, he let loose a shower of milky cum. The first of it landed behind him on the rug, then he sprayed his own face and chest, and finally he spurted into my hair.

Without cleaning ourselves up, we nuzzled our soggy bodies together and held each other until we fell asleep. I woke up before Carlos and, careful not to disturb him, disentangled myself, took a shower, then went to the kitchen to prepare an impromptu supper. By the time it was ready, he was up and had showered himself. We gorged ourselves and polished off a couple of six-packs, then went at each other again, this time in bed.

Next morning, Carlos left bright and early to take care of his first job of the day. I went back to sleep and didn't get up until about ten. When I walked into the living room and saw the mess we had left, I grinned and said out loud to myself, "'Guess Carlos is what you'd call a full-service mover. Doesn't call it quits till the place looks lived in."

Later, when Caroline dropped by to ask how things had gone, I was effusive in my praise of Carlos. "I'd recommend him to anybody."

"Yes, I'm sure you would," she replied with a wink, "considering how much overtime he put in. Don't look at me like I'm some kind of busybody. I just happened to see his truck in your extra parking space at six this morning. I took down his name and number."

"Why?"

"You're my favorite kind of tenant. Next new one I get, I'll pass your recommendation along."

Sure enough, a few weeks later Carlos knocked on my door again. He'd just finished moving a new single guy into the building whom Caroline had misjudged as gay. Carlos was disappointed. I was delighted.

We had another great night, and this time we even watched *Tyger Tales*—the first ten minutes, at least. ■

The LATINO FAN CLUB presents . . .
BOYS BEHIND BARS
ALL NEW
IN THEIR PRIME & DOIN' TIME...
$79.95 ONLY $59.95
WITH A CAST OF 24 HOT, YOUNG LATIN MEN!
MODELS 18 OR OLDER
HOT! FEATURE VIDEO
SEND $59.95 PLUS $3 POSTAGE (NY STATE ADD SALES TAX) WITH YOUR NAME & ADDRESS, SPECIFY VHS OR BETA. ALSO STATE YOU ARE 21 OR OLDER—VOID WHERE PROHIBITED. CHECK OR M.O. TO:
LATINO FAN CLUB
P.O. BOX 139
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10013-0139
X-RATED ■ SHOT LIVE ON VIDEO! COLOR-SOUND ☆ FREE $5 OFF BONUS WITH EACH ORDER!
■ WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG!

PETER'S PHONE ACTION

(714) 240-2220

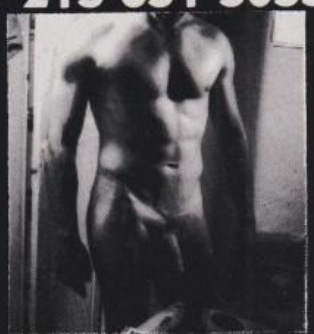
VISA/MC AMEX

MUST BE OVER 18

Knight line

24-Hour Live Phone Fantasies

1-213-651-5055



Photos and Videos Available

GREAT RATES!

Major Credit Cards

You Must Be Over 18

GROWTH CAMP

Continued from page 60

licked the butt he'd been craving all day long. He wondered how many nights Duncan and his wife had sat in this swing, planning their future, looking forward to the years ahead—or more likely, how many nights they had sat here in awkward silence, trying not to think about how dissatisfied they were. He *knew* Duncan had been dissatisfied. He knew that because of how satisfied the young man was now, whether or not he was quite ready to admit it.

Duncan groaned and sighed. A *man* was at his asshole now, not some farm hand he could push around. As he swung back and forth on Milton's tongue, he felt like he was basking in a big man's strength, protection, heat, desire.

Milton stood, greased his cock with spit, and effortlessly slid it into Duncan's hole. Up into the air the young man sailed, on a rock-hard horn of delight. Milton gripped the chains and sailed Duncan back onto his cock. The young man gasped and gripped the back of the swing as he slid down onto his new man.

Over their heads, bright stars gleamed. And Duncan's wife listened. In the quiet of the night, the autumn breeze wafted every sound into the bedroom. She patted her swollen belly and swore that the father of the child she was soon to bear would never touch her again. Because she knew her husband, always had, better than he knew himself. She knew he had finally given in to the desires that other men stirred in him.

And it was true. Duncan was swaying into a new rapture. All the years he'd heard about the cornholing that went on in his barns, he'd turned his head, but he'd never managed to kill his own desires, only to suppress them. Now his desires were being unleashed, satisfied. He turned his head and watched the huge, powerful man filling him with cock, the man's balls slapping his ass like stirrups on a horse. Wiry black pubic hairs tickled Duncan's hole with every thrust, and as he was swung to and fro, his own fiery cock flopped about and banged against his thighs.

Milton fucked harder and faster, and Duncan's hole tightened around his raging hard-on. Suddenly, the younger man's cock erupted, spewing cum all over his fuzzy golden thighs. And as the walls of Duncan's ass throbbed with orgasm, Milton's cock let loose a hot, frothy load inside the reamed-out butthole. Both men grunted and groaned and heaved.

At last, Milton bent down and covered Duncan's body, shielding it from the chilly night. Duncan's surrender was complete. He felt a peace he had never known before. The big man's cock was still lodged in his canal, and Duncan didn't want it ever to leave. When it did, a part of his soul would go with it. He was certain of that.

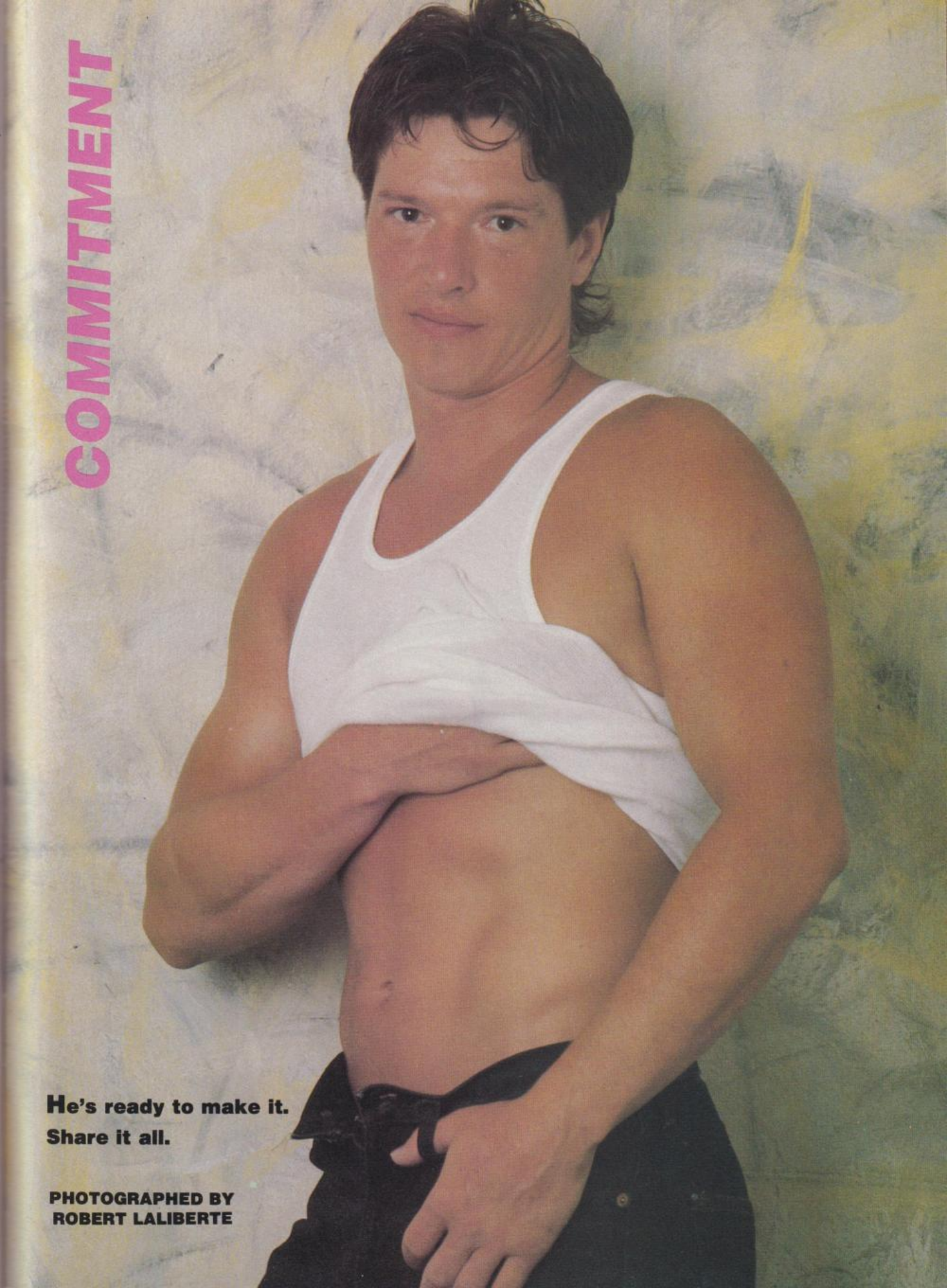
But after a time, the cock was withdrawn. And Duncan *did* feel that he had lost something. It was not his soul, however, but rather the horrible feeling of incompleteness which had dogged him all his life. He was no longer incomplete; he was whole now.

Milton took off his jacket and covered Duncan with it. Then Duncan led the way to Milton's room. He lit a kerosene lamp and pulled back the sheets. Milton stripped and took his pleasure in Duncan's body all over again. Afterward, Duncan went right to sleep, but Milton was wide awake. He had never been more awake in his life. He realized now that being a big, balding, beer-bellied daddy wasn't so bad after all, not if the man you want has a thing for daddies.

Milton would not be heading west. Not for a while anyway. He would stay here, maybe even put down roots. Yes, he could see that coming. Roots. And yet he felt freer than ever before. Free because he'd found somewhere besides the open road where he could be himself, and be appreciated, desired even, for what he was.

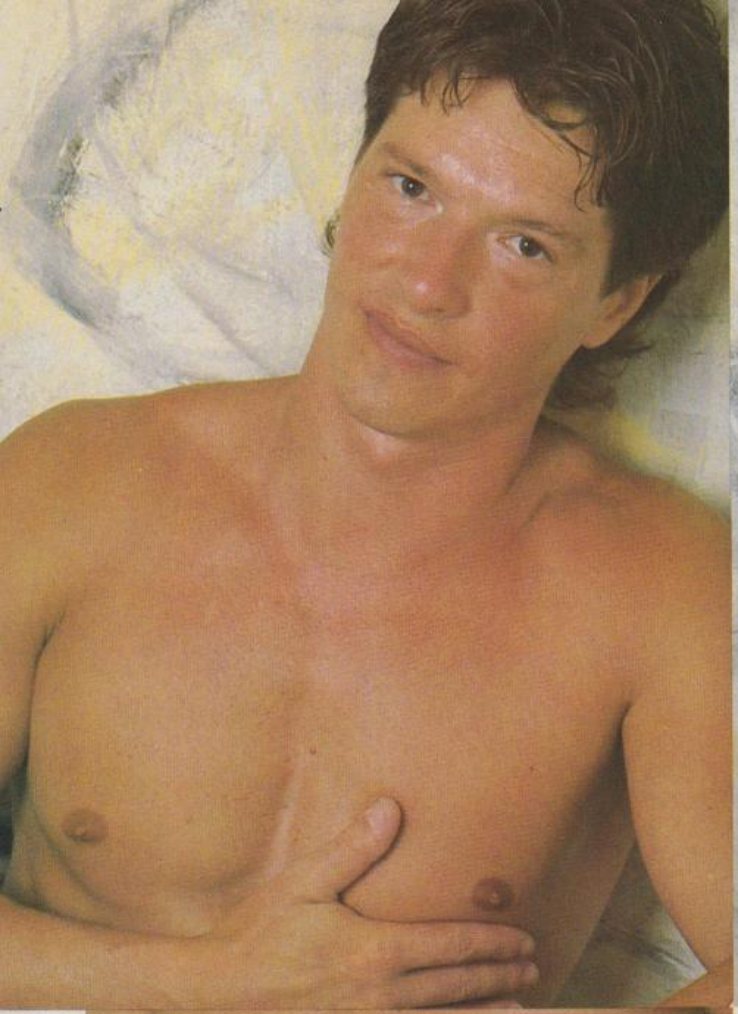
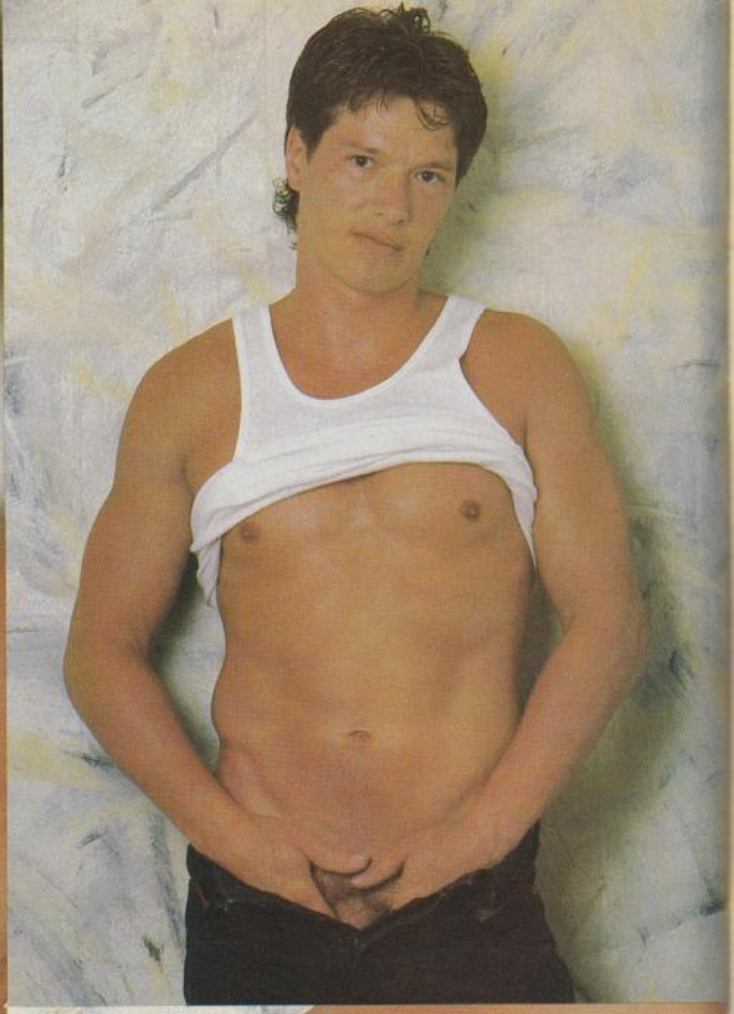
He pondered that for an hour or so, and then he made a determined effort to get to sleep. He wanted to be at his best for his first day on the job, whatever the job might be. ■

COMMITMENT



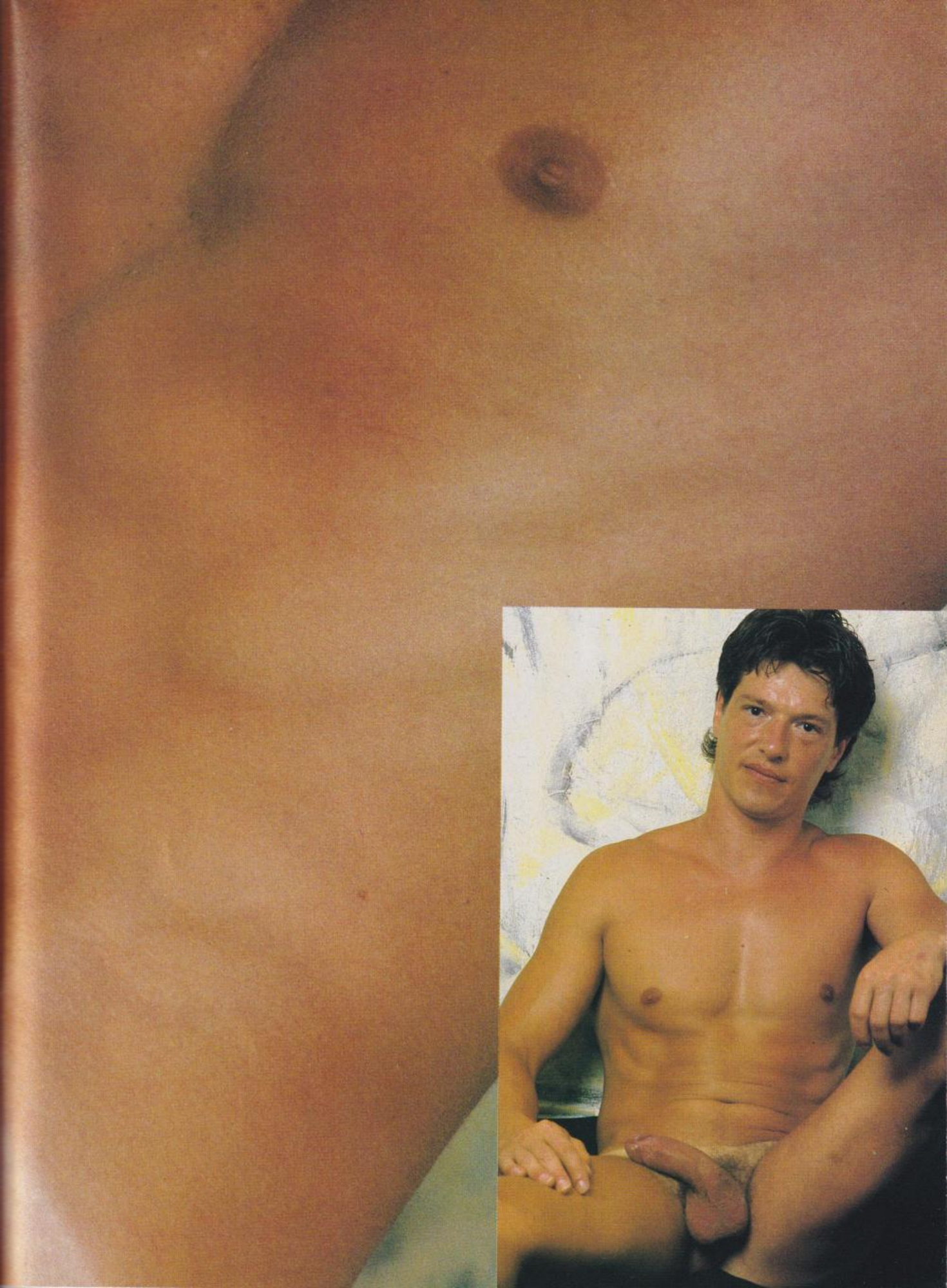
He's ready to make it.
Share it all.

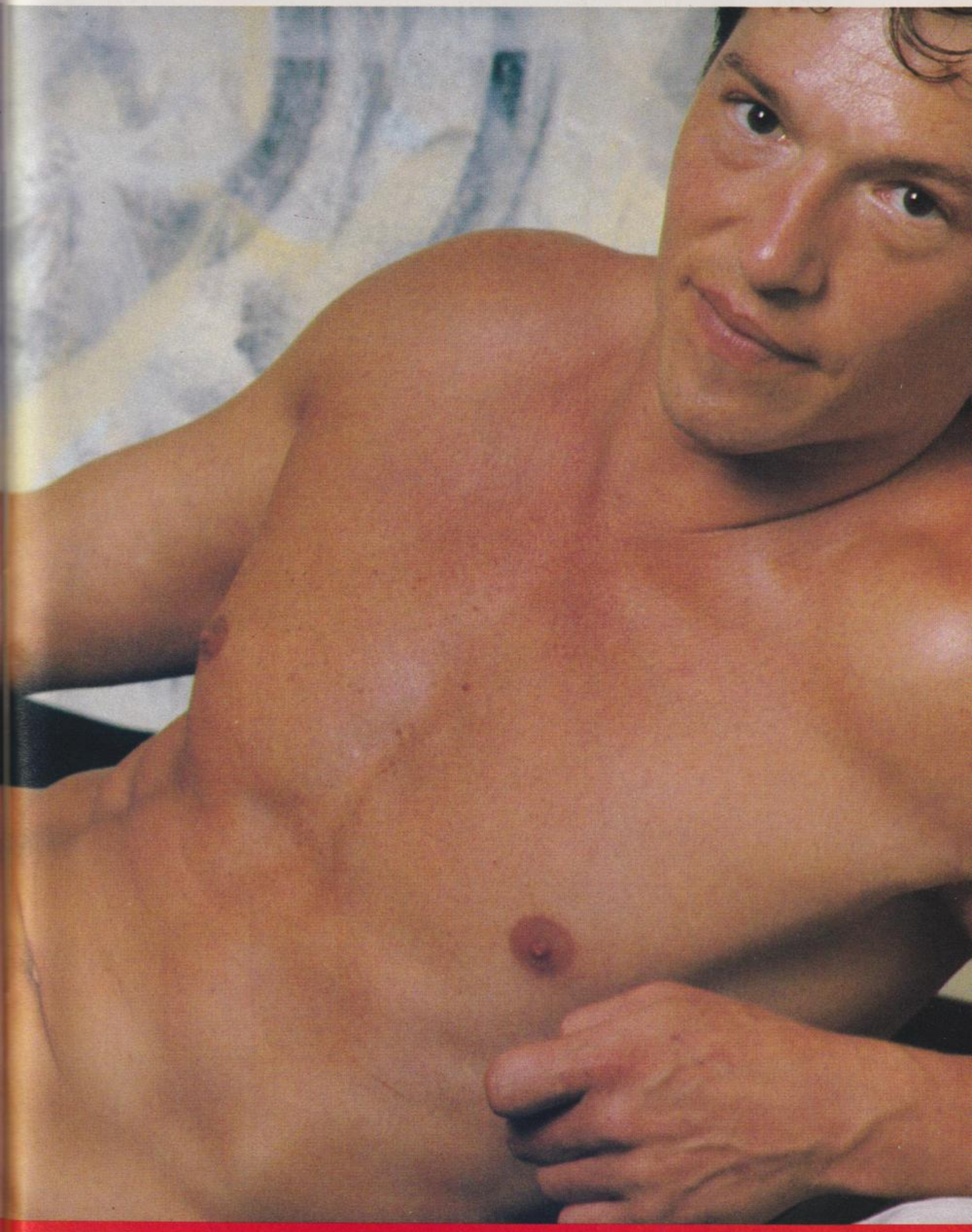
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ROBERT LALIBERTE

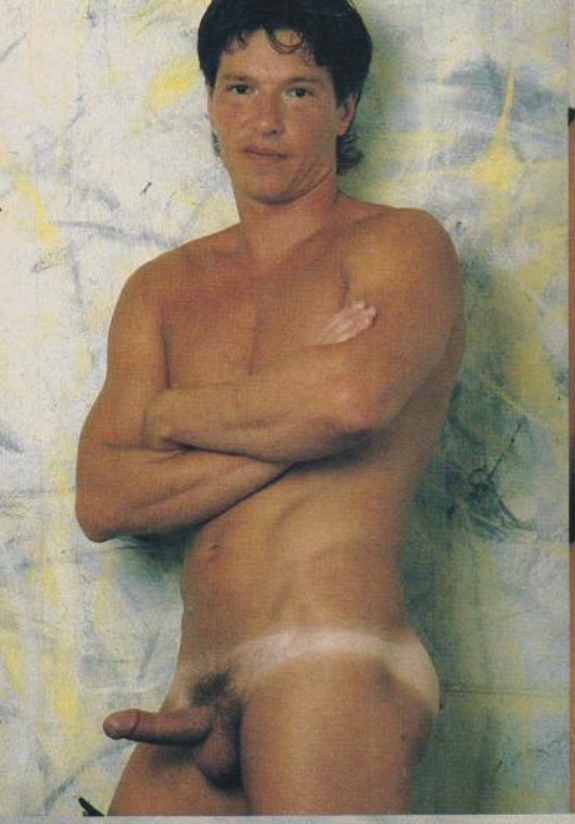



COMMITMENT

Trust him to do it all.







HONCHO

SUBSCRIBE NOW BY PHONE
1-800-835-2246, EX. 192
(VISA-MASTERCARD)

PHOTO BY CITYBOY